Tilley, Waite & Coleman's

The Traveller, Family Journal,

TIMES AND SPIRIT OF THE LIFE IN NEW-YORK

BY HUNT & ADAMS,
20 NASSAU-STREET, AT $3 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 16, 1833.

TRAVELLER, VOL. I. No. 51. | TIMES, NEW SERIES--VOL. 2. No. 82.

A GENUINE BACKWOODSMAN.

Paulding gave us in "Westward Ho!" some truly graphic and characteristic specimens of the legitimate sons of the "far West," in its ealier days, among whom Capt. Sam Hugg stands out in bold relief. The character was drawn with the skill of a master, and contributes not a little to give the work that captivating interest and raciness which ever marks the compositions of our respected fellow citizen. When the work was just published we made several selections with which we have reason to think our readers were well pleased, and would now call their attention to a few extracts from a story in the Western Souvenir, of a similar character and style.

MIKE FINK has ever been celebrated in the West as emphatically *the* last of the Boatmen,—of those half horse, half alligator bipeds, whose exploits have been so frequently treated of in song nd story, and whose dare-devil fights, scrounging, heroism, and endurance of hardship have rendered them a by-word to all after generations in the valley of the Mississippi. They may be viewed as a class of men now entirely extinct, but who once possessed as marked a character as that of the Gypsies of England, the Lazaroni of Naples, or the Jugglers of Bohemia. The period of their existence was not more than a third of a century, and ceased with the successful establishment of the steamboat.

We cannot give a more accurate portrait of one of these *stir-him-up-with-a-long-pole* class of men, than by presenting a sketch from Mr. Neville's Mike Fink, a very capital tale in the Annual before us. Our readers, we feel assured, will be gratified, and thank us for the treat, as many will not have an opportunity of seeing the work entire.

The writer was descending the Mississippi in a steamboat, when Fulton's genius was just beginning to be appreciated on our western waters, and accident brought him in contact with the hero of our tale. It was agreed between Mike and others, that at the first landing, he should shoot *a la William Tell*, at a quart cup *placed on the head* of a brother boatman,—the prize, a quart of whiskey!!

As soon as the steamboat became stationary, the cabin passengers jumped ashore. On ascending the bank, I met Mike, who, after grasping my hand with a squeeze that I can compare to nothing but a vice, said in his usual abrupt manner, "I am glad to see you—I am going to shoot at the tin cup for a quart—off hand—and you must be the judge."

I understood Mike at once, and on any other occasion, should have remonstrated, and prevented the daring trial of skill. Mike, however, followed by several of his crew, led the way to a beech grove, some little distance from the landing. I invited my fellow passengers to witness the scene. On arriving on the spot, a stout, bull-headed boatman, dressed in a hunting shirt, but bare-footed—in whom I recognized a younger brother of Mike—drew a line with his toe, and stepping off thirty yards, turned round fronting his brother, took a tin cup which hung from his belt and placed it on his head. Although I had seen this feat performed before, I acknowledge I felt uneasy whilst this silent preparation was going on. But I had not much time for reflection: for this second Albert exclaimed,

"Blaze away, Mike! and let's have the quart."

My "compagnons de voyage," as soon as they recovered from the first effect of their astonishment, exhibited a disposition to interfere. But Mike, throwing back his left leg, levelled his rifle at the head of his brother. In this horizontal position the weapon remained for some seconds as immoveable as if the arm which held it was affected by no pulsation.

"Elevate your piece a little lower, Mike, or you will pay the corn," cried the imperturbable brother.

I know not if the advice was obeyed or not; but the sharp crack of the rifle immediately followed, and the cup flew off thirty or forty yards rendered unfit for future service. There was a cry of admiration from the strangers, who pressed forward to see if the fool-hardy boatman was really safe. He remained as immoveable as if he had been a figure hewn out of stone. He had not even winked, when the ball struck the cup within two inches of his skull.

"Mike has won!" I exclaimed: and my decision was the signal, which, according to their rules permitted him of the target to move from his position. No more sensation was exhibited among the boatmen, than if a common wager had been won. The bet being decided, they hurried back to their boat giving me and my friends an invitation to partake of "the treat."

The writer gives the following description of Mike, which is worthy of record, as presenting what we conceive to be the most faithful and graphic outline of a "real roarer" that has ever been laid before the public.

Among these men, Mike Fink stood an acknowledged leader for many years. Endowed by nature with those qualities of intellect that give the possessor influence, he would have been a conspicuous member of any society, in which his lot might have been cast. An acute observer of human nature, has said "opportunity alone makes the hero. Change but time situations, and Cæsar would have been but the best wrestler on the green." With a figure cast in a mould that added much of the symmetry of an Apollo to the limbs of a Hercules, he possessed agility strength and accustomed from an early period of life to brave the dangers of a frontier life, his character was noted for the most daring intrepidity. At the court of Charlemagne, he might have been a Roland; with the Crusaders he would have been the favorite of the Knight of the Lion-heart; and in our revolution, he would have ranked with the Morgans and Putnams of the day. He was the hero of a hundred fights, and the leader in a thousand daring adventures. From Pittsburgh to St. Louis and New Orleans, his fame was established. Every farmer on the shore kept on good terms with Mike—otherwise, there was no safety for his property. Wherever he was an enemy, like his great prototype, Rob Roy, he levied the contribution of Black Mail for the use of his boat. Often at night, when his tired companions slept, he would take an excursion of five or six miles, and return before morning, rich in spoil. On the Ohio, he was known among his companions by the appellation of "Snapping Turtle;" and on the Mississippi, he was called the "Snag."

We conclude with a characteristic anecdote of Mike's youth. It seems that when only nineteen years of age he enlisted in a corps of scouts,—a body of rangers employed on the frontiers of Pennsylvania to watch the Indians. Pittsburgh was at this time the extreme verge of white population, and the spies generally extended their explorations forty or fifty miles west of this post. They went out singly, living as did the "red men of the forest," in every respect, at the same time keeping up a kind of "border warfare," for it was considered as praiseworthy to bring in the scalp of a Shawnee, as the skin of the panther. Our hero acquired in this corps, whilst yet a stripling, a reputation for boldness and cunning, far beyond his companions, of which a thousand legends are told, illustrating the fearlessness of his character. The following, he is said to have told himself, with much pride:

He had been out on the hills of Mahoning when, to use his own words, "he saw signs of Indians being about." He had discovered the recent print of the moccasins in the grass; and found drops of the fresh blood of a deer on the green bush. He became cautious, skulked for some time in the deepest thickets of hazel and briar; and for several days did not discharge his rifle. He subsisted on parched corn and jerk, which he had dried on his first coming into the woods. He covered with perfect certainty, that the enemy consisted of a small hunting party, who were receding from the Alleghany.

As he was creeping along one morning, with the stealthy tread of a cat, his eye fell upon a beautiful buck, browsing on the edge of a barren spot, three hundred yards distant. The temptation was too strong for the woodsman, and he resolved to have a shot at every hazard. Re-priming his gun, and picking his flint, he made his approach in the usual noiseless manner. At the moment he reached the spot, from which he meant to take his aim, he observed a large savage, intent upon the same object, advancing from a direction little different from his own. Mike shrunk behind a tree, with the quickness of thought, and keeping his eye fixed on the hunter, waited the result with patience. In a few moments the Indian halted within fifty paces, and levelled his piece at the deer. In the meanwhile, Mike presented his rifle at the savage; and at the moment the smoke issued from the gun of the latter, the bullet of Fink passed through the redman's breast. He uttered a yell, and fell dead at the same instant with the deer. Mike reloaded his rifle, and remained in his covert for some minutes, to ascertain whether there were more enemies at hand. He then stepped up to the prostrate savage, and having satisfied himself that life was extinguished, turned his attention to the buck.

The death of poor Mike is thus described, being to our mind, perfectly in keeping with his eventful life and the utter recklessness of his character.

After refusing several good offers on board the steamers, being tired of the "hissing of steam," and wanting "room to throw his pole," he left his river occupations altogether. He went to Missouri, and a few years since was shooting the *tin cup* when he was "corned" too heavy, he elevated too low, and shot his companion through the head. A friend of the deceased who was present, suspecting foul play, shot Mike through the heart before he had time to reload his rifle.

"PUBLIC OPINION."

"Disturb not the repose of the dead."

The Corporation have in despite of public opinion, expressed with great unanimity through the medium of the press in this city, determined to proceed in the destruction of Trinity Churchyard, and trample upon the purest and best feelings of our citizens. Let it be remembered that the *Gazette, Evening Post, American, Commercial Advertiser, Courier and Enquirer, The Mirror, and The Constellation*, have severally denounced with becoming independence, this sacrilegious measure of our *disinterested* and most *worthy* Corporation. In the language of our friends of the *Mirror*, "No one can say where the madness will end, unless a prompt and total reformation be effected at the *ballot boxes*—unless the disease be there radically cured—unless talents, respectability, and integrity, be made the criterions in the estimate of candidates to office, instead of a mere subserviency to political parties, and a readiness to become tools in unhallowed plots to *make money*." We trust that the people will rise in their majesty, and by their votes teach future corporations to regard the feelings of the community, and not their own *selfish, sordid* purposes.

Written for the N. Y. Traveller and Times.

GRAHAM-ISM.

MESSRS. TRAVELLERS,—

In a late number of the New-York Commercial Advertiser, we observe a letter addressed to Philip Hone, Esq. from the pen of Mr. Graham, "Lecturer on the science of Human Life," as he styles himself. For fulsome, self-laudatory egotism and puffery, this epistle deserves to be classed with the most vicious quacks of the venders of lottery tickets. Its whole scope and object seem to be to let the public know how learned, philanthropic and distinguished a man is this same Mr. Graham.

"From my earliest recollections to the present time," says he, "the energies of my mind, the purposes of my soul, and the feelings of my heart have been devoted to the cause of humanity—the grand ruling question that has been continually before me, is, how can I best and to the greatest extent promote the welfare and happiness of mankind?—All the plans of my life, my hours of meditation—my very day dreams have been engrossed in this great subject; nay, indeed I can scarcely recollect an instance, even in my dreams or reveries, in which I have prayed to heaven for my own advantage, which had not reference the welfare of my species."

Now, Messrs. Travellers, if, on reading these remarks, you are not ready to break forth in strains of admiration of this wonderful benevolence of Mr. Graham's lectures on the science of human life, all we can say, is, that your hearts have become wofully hardened by the thousand and one ear-wax an editor's boy. What! feel no interest in the great subject, viz. the science of human life! feel no gratitude for the extraordinary efforts of it's great master?—no, word or act of astonishment at his great and peculiar talents! Indeed, Messrs. Travellers, if it be so, you are a despicable guess-it of Fellows, and deserve no better fate than to attend a whole course of lectures on the science of human life. Not so is it with ourselves. We exclaim, from the bottom of our hearts, great and wonderful Graham, I enter on the science of human life! From the earliest infancy, even when running about in the nursery, or school with streets engaged in the manufacture of stirrups, thou wast projecting some great schemes of benevolence for mankind—the energies of thy mind, the purposes of thy soul were even then devoted to the cause of humanity! Again we exclaim, wonderful Graham!—marvellous precocity! Nay, even in thy sleep, when thou hast laid down thy wearied body to rest, thy mind unfettered by the locks of the day, is still at work, pulsating through all the airy regions of imagination, the investigation of the great question, "how shall I best promote the welfare of mankind?" Ah! indeed, thou art unparalleled in the history of man for benevolence and philanthropy—future generations will read of thy labors with admiration, and wonder that men were not made better by them.

Further on in the same letter Mr. Graham observes, "all that theology and mineralogy and chemistry and botany and anatomy and physiology and pathology and dietetics and natural and mental and moral and political and religious philosophy can afford in support of my cause, (to wit: the science of human life,) I have endeavored to possess myself of and to bring to bear on the practical interests of mankind." Here we have reason again to extoll the wonderful benevolence of our lecturer on the science of human life! How many days and nights of study must he have spent in the acquirement of so vast a store of learning!—What labor of the brains in ransacking the depositories of ancient and modern lore, to bring it to bear on the practical interests of mankind!—How varied have been thy researches!—How extensive thy labors!—How magnanimous their object! All, all for the great cause of humanity and nothing for thyself! Indeed we are struck dumb with wonder and astonishment.

But, seriously, Messrs. Travellers, if we can be serious on a subject which is so provocative of ridicule, we enter our solemn protest against the "Philpic," of this same lecturer on the science of human life, and against the lecturer himself. The letter is in bad taste, to say the least of it, and indicative of an inconclusive in its object and bearing. It is in bad taste, because it is filled with self-adulation and commendation, and wanting in that self-respect and modesty which every enlightened and and truly learned man observes in speaking of himself or his acquirements. It is indefinite in its object, because there is no one subject treated of, or truth established or illustrated, though it sets out with a pompous flourish about the cause of truth—indeed it has no other object that we are able to discover, but to sound the praises of its author, and to make the public believe that he is the greatest and most disinterested man of the age. If this be its object, and we cannot see any other, then we are justified in drawing this inference, viz: that the lectures on the science of human life are thinly attended, and that a more numerous audience would be very desirable to the lecturer.

We did intend to say a word or two more in connection with this subject, but we reserve for a future article the rest of our comments. We have a "nail in jackit" for the lecturer on the science of human life, which we think will make a good accompaniment for "the Graham bread."

S. H. L.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

As a young woman sat near the fire reading one of the last novels, she fell asleep, and melancholy to relate—dropped her book in the fire.

Very melancholy, indeed; on reading the above (from the Lowell Compend.) we was forcibly reminded of a lamentable occurrence, which is said to have taken place lately at the "Marble Palace," in our city. A well known Poetaster, occupying a room in the seventh story, while invoking the muses from his open window, lost his balance, and was precipitated into a basket of stale eggs immediately beneath, supposed to have been left by some market woman or boarding-house keeper; when unfortunately it was found on examination, that he had entirely ruined almost the whole lot!!!

TO OUR FRIEND IN OHIO.

Hollos, stranger, you're a beauty, and have obliged us transcendently. If the balance of the people in your neighborhood are like yourself, it would be no bad lay for a fellow, to settle amongst you. Can't you give us a sasich of a "coon hunt," or such matter? If we are not "barking against the wrong sapling" you are just the chap to describe one.

Reader—the gentleman above alluded to has sent us his name, and three years subscription in advance, postage paid. If you are not a subscriber,—you need only do a third as much. *Lowell Compend.*

Just hold on, Mister; "you're a beauty," but here is the "yaller flower of the forest." A gentleman in a neighboring city forwarded us the names of *fifty* gentlemen who subscribed for the Traveller and Times, remitting a check for the amount. "Think of that, MasterBrooke!"

Messrs. Editors,—Thinking the following anecdotes might afford some amusement to your readers, I herewith submit them.

POST OFFICE SCENE.

Girl.—See here,—Mamma sent me down to get a *fippenny bit's worth of letters.*

Clerk.—We don't sell letters by the *fippenny bit's worth*, my little Miss; but if you will tell me your mother's name I will see if there is any for her. [Looks.] "Yes here is one for her, postage *three fippenny bits.*"

Girl.—Oh! but I don't want so much, mamma only sent me for *a fippenny bit's worth.*

A *learned gentleman*, the other day, coming from the Post-Office, very much disappointed in not getting his usual number of papers, observed, "Confound those plaguey mails, they come so *unregular* now-a-days that a *feller* dont know when to get the news." Upon being questioned as to the propriety of the word *unregular*, he replied, "Ah! I admit *unregular* to be *uncorrect*, but Sir, I can *ensure* you, on my honor, its very seldom I speak an *improper* word."

LAST IMPRESSIONS.

The "First Impressions of Europe" says the Boston Morning Post, appear to be converted into the first impressions of matrimony! If this so be glad! we have got the *last* of "impression" unless love issues a new series. If Ondit don't be like a bullet, our peregrinating friend must have mistaken some Venus for Venice, and crossed

The Bridge of Sighs,
without having even seen the
——the winged Lion's marble pillars.

All,—nay the least,—we can say, is, we hope his "first impressions" of love may be as charming as those of literature. We presume he is now languishing on "unwritten poetry," which we take to be a kind of honey-moon!

EXTRAORDINARY INCARCERATION.

A late Dunkirk Journal has this statement.—"A magistrate of this canton being lately called to his seals upon the effects of a person who had recently died, was, with his assistants, making the usual examination of the apartments, when he came to a dark room of only a few square feet, and there found alive the wife of the deceased, who had not been heard of for fifteen years, during which time she had been shut up in the place where she was discovered. Judicial inquiries are being made as to this most extraordinary incarceration."

The Sporting Chronicle.

BONNETS O' BLUE.

THE PROPERTY OF WM. R. JOHNSON, ESQ. OF Ca.

It is said this beautiful mare has run her last race and retires to private life. To breeders and admirers of fine horses, an account of her winnings, will not prove uninteresting, while it should give a spur to their efforts in rearing and improving the breed of these noble animals. The *ledger* having been *posted up* from authentic *day-books* and *blotters*, presents her *account current* as follows:—

She won the great stakes at New York, 17 subscribers, $500 each, 8 started	$6,250 00
She won the stakes at Tree Hill	800 00
" " her match against Goliah,	5,000 00
" " 4 mile race at New York, against Black Maria and others	1,000 00
Her match against Clara Fisher	5,000 00
Sale of her	4,000 00
	$22,050 00

DR.

Paid her entrance, when she was beaten by Sally Hornet	$20 00
" " match with Little Venus,	5,000 00—5,000 00
Balance in her favor, as the records will show	$17,030 00

Seventeen thousand and thirty dollars, in regular purses, besides "the stin and the drinkin" as Doctor O'Toole would say! Who would not, with Richard, exclaim, "my kingdom for such a horse."

A GRAND SHOOTING MATCH,

We understand will take place at Hoboken, on Saturday, 2d of March next, with Rifles, for two prizes an elegant gold pocket Chronometer, and a valuable Rifle. The watch has finely chased cases, with gold dial of newest fashion, which weighs about 4 ounces of 18 carrot gold. The watch cost about $415 and is valued at $400. The Rifle is very celebrated for its excellence and finished workmanship, and cost the maker $160.

A subscription list, with the article, will be left with Mr. Marshal at Castle Garden.

The target to be at the distance of 100 feet. The shots to be fired at a rest. Three shots to be fired by each competitor. The three shots which shall make the least aggregate measurement to determine the first prize; the next best shot to determine the second. Subscribers not having practised rifle shooting may shoot by proxy. The order of shooting decided by lot. Subscriptions $5.

Should there not be two-thirds of the amount subscribed on the preceding Wednesday, at 5 P. M. the match will be postponed.

A Dinner, at an expense of not less than $100, will be provided for the occasion by the owner of the prizes—who equally desirous of disposing of the articles and having an exhibition of the proficiency of those who practice shooting, hopes to have the list completed. Satisfactory certificates of the value of the prizes will be furnished.

Our Correspondent, D. W. from Franklin, Missouri, is ever welcome. In answer to his query,—*the latter* has been received, for which he has our grateful acknowledgements.

ANGLING IN MISSOURI.

It was a dark sultry evening in June, 18—, that my two companions, and myself, with our fishing tackle thrown across our shoulders, proceeded to the bank of a stream, and prepared ourselves for the work of destruction, among the finny tribe.—We threw in our hooks, and found it rare sport, I can assure you. The occasional bubbling of the water, and now and then the rippling produced by their quick motion near the surface but too strongly indicated our prey. There we sat waiting patiently the result of their gambols, but were not long held in suspense, for such a quivering of corks—such a jerking of lines—such a splashing of the watery element, I never beheld. Every thing was thrown into complete commotion, at the onset. However, we got a little more settled, after the first shock, and proceeded to work calmly, and with a perfect knowledge and skill of what we would be doing. Presently we saw our poles moving up and down, as though by some unknown hand, and at it we went with all the pleasure conceivable. It would have done your very heart good to see how we rushed them through the foaming spray—Now for it; pull gently, be on your guard; now we haul them to us, then they dart off, with all the fright and tremor that is their nature. Gather in your line, and not a word; raise them up, and let them down gently; they give them a sudden jerk and bring around their fronts—buffalo fish, "by hokey!" the finest I ever saw. Dick, Tom, bring in your gammon rapidly—mine is here snuffling the fresh air of another element, "ripe-nortaciously:" Ah! there they come, who ever saw such luck. Cast them off, Tom; 8 buffalo fish; 6 hickory shad; 5 white perch, 10 cats, and a variety of smaller characters. Our old cook will have her hands full—however, she will be amply remunerated for her work. D. W.

GREY HOUNDS AND POINTERS.

Colonel Webb, of the Courier and Enquirer, says in his paper of Tuesday last, "We neglected to announce yesterday among the *deck* passengers of the ship Orpheus, from Liverpool, the arrival of a pair of thorough bred Grey Hounds and Pointers, from the Keep of Lord Stanley. They are beautiful animals, and as conspicuous for their symmetry of form as their high blood. We are informed that we shall also receive by the next arrival, two Spaniels and two Coach Dogs from the same source. The principal agent of Lord Stanley says, in his letter of 3d January, "The United Kingdom cannot boast of dogs of better pedigree than those now forwarded;" and the gentleman who kindly shipped them for us writes as follows:

"Liverpool, Jan. 4th, 1833.

"DEAR SIR—Lord Stanley's Keepers have just brought in for you, four beautiful dogs, two grey hounds, the male called Doctor, the female, Fly, and two pointers, called Spy, and Die—all in excellent health and condition. These shall be shipped by the Orpheus, Capt. Cobb, who has kindly consented to take charge of them, and the spaniels and coach dogs will come to hand by the same vessel, should the Keepers arrive with them in time.

"The male grey hound (the Doctor) is considered quite a crack dog, and of the purest blood; and such was the anxiety about him, that the under steward and three keepers have come to Liverpool to see the 'race chops,' as they call him, properly disposed of, and to say to me 'to be sewr to tell the steward to tekk kear o'him, for hees nik a fully for running and loupin that ealiane to he'll soon be our-bourt, for he's not finckent wi' wetur.'

"This universal favorite has always lived at the under steward's house instead of the kennel, where I learn has 'breakfast has usually been in-cased toast, and has 'bed' the public sofa; and he has been so generally beloved for his dexterity shelfeats in the field that the parting se-ne between him and his biped friends this morning, was not only very affecting, but some what poetical."

We appreciate most highly, the valuable present which has been forwarded us, and shall endeavor to extend the benefits of it to our sporting friends, by holding at their command the offspring of such rare and valuable animals.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE

From the Am. Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

For the splendid Cup, offered by J. C. Craig, Esq. valued at $500, and the stakes, the race will come off next Spring meeting, on the Central Course; two mile heats, $100 entrance, not less than five to make a race. The cup to be won twice before it is taken; but the stakes to be paid to the winner at each race. When the cup is taken, $500 of the stakes to be reserved to replace it; so as to perpetuate this race on the Central Course.—Weights, time and place of closing, and other particulars, in our next.

A contract has been made with the owner of the dam of THETIS, under which the purchaser is to give one thousand dollars for each of her foals, by *Sir Charles*, when weaned.

Trifle is quite lame in the shoulder, and will not be trained next season, even if her lameness goes off.

Colonel Wynn gives one thousand dollars for Flirtilla's next foal, by Eclipse.

Mr. Badger lately sent to Virginia five of his young brood mares, having a superfluity—three of which have readily sold for *five hundred dollars* each.

Mary Randolph is said to be complaining in one foot. She does not go into the great four year old stakes at the Central Course next spring. The odds in that race are in favor of Medoc. Colonel Johnson names full sister to Bertrand Junior.

Mary Randolph won in regular purses, the autumn she was three years old past, the neat little sum of $7300.

ARIEL.—It appears by a sketch furnished by Colonel Wynn, that Ariel is a *true* son of the distinguished *campaigner* ran ninety-nine miles—most of it under whip and spur. It is only of that period that Colonel Wynn speaks.

A HORSE! a horse! *my* kingdom for *such* a horse. Mr. J. D. Amis has been heard to declare that Sir Archy has cleared him *seventy-six thousand dollars!* after deducting all expenses, and the interest on the original purchase money!

Andrew is still too lame to be removed from Fairfield.

Sports of the Turf.

COLUMBIA RACES.

Old Virginia has been beaten, and South Carolina has redeemed her laurels.

TUESDAY, JAN. 29.—Four-mile Heats.

J. R. Spann's c. c. h. Muckle John	1	1
W. R. Johnston's s. h. Collier	2	2

TIME.

First Heat	8m. 10s.
Second do.	8m. 18s.

The track being very heavy, Collier running unkindly and rather the favorite at starting.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 30.—Three-mile Heats.

R. Singleton's c. h. Godolphin	1	2	1
W. R. Johnston's c. f. Betsey Hare	2	1	3
J. R. Richardson's c. h. Brutus, Jr.	3	3	2
J. Harrison's c. f. Frances Wright, distanced.			

TIME.

First Heat	6m. 1s.
Second do.	6m. 10s.
Third do.	6m. 6s.

The track was very heavy, and much rain fell during the running, Brutus the favorite at starting, was bet against the field. Betsey Hare had a very bad start the third heat, or it is believed by many she would have won the heat, or pressed hard for it.

Horses entered for to-day.—Two-mile Heats.

THIRD DAY.

W. R. Johnson's b. c. Herr Cline	1	1
P. M. Butler's c. f. Saluda	2	2
R. Singleton's c. c. Jim Crow	3	3

Handy Cap.—Three-mile Heats.

J. R. Spann's c. h. Muckle John	1	1
W. R. Johnson's c. f. Betsey Hare	2	2

—*Telescope.*

ENGLISH AND FRENCH HORSES.

The editor of the London Spectator in instituting a comparison between the horses of France and England, presents us many a hint that we could and ought to profit by. His remarks to be sure are rather quaint, yet they are new and worth reading. Hear him:—

The papers of the week contain accounts of horse races at Pau and in Germany. The English—an island people, not celebrated for numbiemess, and popularly supposed to be only good at sea—may pride themselves in carrying to perfection numerous things that might not be expected from them. Yorkshire has not many pretensions to being a modern Thessaly; and yet our race horses are coming into demand all over Europe. Newmarket is as unrivalled as Manchester; Doncaster will become as celebrated in the corners of the earth as Birmingham and Sheffield. For horse-flesh and hardware we beat the world. All the horses that ran at Paris *on Sunday* last were of English blood; and every horse that ran at the Odiedne races had been bred in England; the useful and in many respects noble animal we set, has been somewhat on the decline of late,—not as it has been said from its having dropt partly from the hands of the aristocracy, but because of the introduction of chicanery into its movements. When the race depends upon the betting-book of a black-leg, then, indeed, are the powers of the splendid animal prostituted, and his high qualities made the instrument of a dazzling delusion, like the cups and balls and antics of the juggler.

The French, who see with chagrin their native horses thrown into the back ground, find great fault with our modern breed of racers, and complain bitterly that all other qualities have been sacrificed to the one of celerity. They aver, that we have cultivated a light, leggy, flimsy animal, for the purpose of running short races with great speed, which is useless for the general purposes of the horse; and that, from the prevalence of their blood in all other kinds, much general deterioration has taken place. There is some truth in this: there is a tendency to legginess in the present race of blood-horses, which has been caused by the competition for the prizes in short races. The gamiller and better cares nothing for the animal or the race, but its result; the shorter the better for his object. And the influence of such men has had a fatal effect on the breed of blood horses. Had the Jockey Club been horse lovers instead of bettors, things would have turned out differently.

American Field Sports.

A DEER HUNT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Smithville, Brunswick Co. N. C. Oct. 15. 1832.

Mr. Editor:—

The morning of the 7th of January last, was fixed upon for celebrating by a deer hunt the recollections of that glorious day which shed such bright and unfading lustre on the American arms at New Orleans—the 8th falling on Sunday.

Every thing being in readiness, and the dogs in fine spirits, the party, which consisted of five gentlemen, and a youth, a son of Major C. of the army, left here on horseback, and rode to Baker's Neck, about two miles from this village. Here we took our first drive, but were unsuccessful in it, as a "fire hunter" had anticipated us the previous night. As soon therefore as the huntsman made his appearance, we mounted our horses again, and rode to Nancy's Neck, about half a mile from our first drive, and in the direction we would take on returning home. The horses were given in charge of a servant, and we took our stands in silence, waiting anxiously for a challange from the dogs.

A few minutes elapsed only before the well known voice of Old Rouser was heard, giving note of preparation for the contest, and a few minutes more brought down the full cry of the pack like a whirlwind. The deer was evidently taken by surprise, and, judging from the tremendous cry of the dogs, he had barely time to shake the slumber from his eyelids, and say "good morning to you gentlemen." They pushed him like mad-cap, and ran him in about 15 minutes within 50 yards of the stand of Mr. J. H H. who laid him out at full length with three shots in the shoulder—placed in a space that a dollar would cover.

It was now evident there was another deer on foot, for the dogs had divided, and were running to the head of the drive. I saw the deer approaching, dashing through the cover at a rapid rate, and the dogs within 50 yards, going at too quick a pace for holding a conversation with one another, and straining every nerve to overtake the chase, who, as he approached the more open ground, discovering whether any danger lay in that direction. He dashed out of the cover gallantly, and while making another bound, was brought down by the young lad above mentioned, who was not quite thirteen years of age. His shot told, and the spoils were his.

To say that the heart of my young friend was not large enough to contain all his joy, would not convey any idea of the ecstacy he was in. As the several individuals who composed the party came in, he described all the circumstances with great minuteness, how the deer approached his stand, —how he aimed [suiting the action to the word,] —how the deer fell—the excellence of his gun, and the number of shot which she did, and could carry, and finally declared his intention to go immediately home, and tell his mother. This will better illustrate his feelings than any thing else, and it shows too, that his disposition is not a selfish one.

It frequently happens that young deer hunters forget when they see a deer within a proper distance of their stand, that they are placed there for the purpose of shooting. Indeed such are the emotions which the sight of a deer creates, that they often forget they have a gun, or, if they recollect it, it is not until the deer is entirely out of reach. Others again recollect this part of the business well, and often fire when the deer is approaching their stands, at a distance of two hundred yards. At one of our hunts on Bald Head several years ago, a gentleman had an excellent stand, from which he could see a deer approaching for more than two hundred yards.—The drive had been a successful one—three deer having been started. One was shot, another shot at but not hit, and the third took the direction of the stand above referred to. We all cast our eyes that way, expecting to see the deer fall. Instead of which which, we saw the gentleman seize his gun by the *muzzle*, and with arms extended vociferate—"Keep off, d—— your eyes, if you don't I'll knock you down." It is needless to say that this caution did not pass unheeded. Excuse this digression.

After the deer had been opened, and their entrails taken out, we mounted our nags and again turned homeward, but as we approached the school-house drive, we concluded to try our luck there. Accordingly the dogs were uncoupled, and had hardly got into the cover before they opened, and were in full cry in a few minutes.—The chase here up for my stand which was in the road leading to the village, and, as he leaped to cross the road, he was brought to Mother earth by your humble servant, with two shots through the head, and three in the neck. His run was short but handsome—every dog being in his place, and doing his duty.

The sport for the day terminated here. We had run three deer, [the only ones started,] which we had killed, and had been from home not quite four hours, and at no time more than two and a half miles from the village. The evening of the 9th found us around the festive board, where ample justice was done to the venison, and where we did not forget to drink to the *maiden shot* of our host's eldest son.

Sport. Mag. NATTY BUMPO.

XMAS SPORTS NEAR WARSAW, VA.

Mr. Neale and Mr Taylor met at Menekin a full field of old and young, with their hounds, which Old Leather Stockings said would "do honor to any country," and he ought to know, for he is Sir Jennings Beckwith—a lineal descendant of Sir Jonathan Beckwith, of Allbrough near Ripon, knighted April 15th, 1681. Of course great expectation was excited, and no one disappointed. A grey was soon on foot, and killed after a run of thirty-one minutes—most of the time in view. The belles of the county had assembled at the house, and the biggest bowl was filled with apple toddy, which was scarcely emptied before "Dinner ready, sir," cured a move. A most sumptuous dinner it was, too. The company separated late, to meet next day near Mount Airy. They did meet Mr. Jeffries joining with some of his dogs—"equal he thinks to any in the world." Passing Leatherstown, the dogs winded. The knowing ones said "a red bad wake!;" and they were right. On getting to cover, the burst was tremendous. A red and grey came together in view, and ran through the fields. On parting company, the dogs divided: seven at the red followed by every huntsman, over some thousands of acres of high and low lands. He was killed, after a very hard run of two hours and eleven minutes. The party went to the great house; apple toddy and old rye was ready; the dogs had their mess; Tychichus was visited and then the training course. Made *up a match for a quarter race*, every person taking *sides for a fish fry*, which Come-as won; beating a four year old, *lead* by Mr. Neale. Of course there was a second race; and then the carriages were seen coming from Warsaw, with the ladies.—Dinner was soon over, and glasses emptied.—To any man who fires cut-down pines to benefit hunters." A long story was told of Leather Stockings, who was guilty of that act. Another race was made for *egg-nogg*—the doctor's pony and a farmer's riding horse, which was immediately run, and run over again—the doctor winning. By this time it was dark, and the company separated, to end the year by foxhunting all Monday, and dining at Mr. Saunder's. A large company met near Totuskey—thirty-three dogs in the field—wind east and southeast. Killed two greys, after runs of thirty-five and forty-one minutes. Again had the apple toddy and dinner. It over, a pet fox was turned out; every chance being given it to get home in a run of a mile and a half. But he could not go it: he was run into in less than five minutes.

The party separated this evening, (December 31, 1832,) with the determination to attend to business, and rest the dogs till next good day.—*Am. Sport. Mag.*

A NORTHERN NECKER.

Odds and Ends.

COACH OFFICE CLERK.

He, way-bill in hand, and with his fancy muslin cravat coonlined by a mock topaz breach, enacts the superior genius—the guardian angel of seats and squabbles: the coach, the coach horses, and the very coachman, who, on the road, will be absolute as ten autocrats, cannot stir till *he* has given the word. The passengers, who, when landed at their journey's end, may be all find aundry "people of consequence," are, while he holds the way-bill under his thumb, at his command; that pretty young lady must have the box, containing the identical ball-dress in which she is to captivate a corner of dragoons, slung under the coach—and *if* the cord should break! At his frown, that choleric old gentleman, with his gouty toe, must suffer the fat woman beside him, with her bundle, her umbrella, her puke bonnet, and her peppermint drops: it rests with him, now all are ready to start, whether the passenger in the distance who approaches in the character of "panting time," or rather past time, shall win or lose his place; as, for the occasion, is omnipotent, and consequently not very civil; but he is calm, and therefore has an aspect of dignity. What to him are the hopes, aims, and feelings of the multitudinous inhabitants and exhabitants of his coaches? They may have an object in view, but he has no curiosity to tempt for their parlous anxiety about coats, cloaks and umbrellas; and nothing short of the news of an overturn can withdraw the pen from his mouth. The whirl around his office is to him as quiet as the mountains. The coming and going of the coach, which, to use Shelley's line—

"Brought pleasure there and left passion behind,"

stirs not his sympathies. It is a piece of business,—a mechanical arrangement; like the clock in his office, he thinks only of keeping time.—*Athenæum.*

From the Portland Argus.

OLD BACHELORS FOR SALE.

Mr. Printer:—In some parts of our country, the attention of the public has lately been called to the subject of Old Bachelors. In Missouri, I think a law was passed, at least it was proposed, to exclude Old Bachelors from holding any public office; and a bill was once brought before the Legislature of Maryland, but I know not what has been the result of it, to levy a personal tax upon this class of citizens, and thereby as I suppose, drive them to matrimony.

How far such measures could be productive of public good, I am not prepared to say. I think at least, that justice would require some distinction between those who are Bachelors from *necessity*, and those who are so from *choice*. It is not my object to enter at large into the merits of the question; I have made these observations merely by way of preface to a little scroll lately picked up in this town, in rather a mutilated state, which so far as it could be read, ran as follows:—

I dream'd a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dream'd it I was cum'd into numbers,
My thoughts ran along to such beautiful metre,
I'm sure I ne'er heard any poetry sweeter.

It seem'd that a law had been recently made,
That a tax on Old Bachelor's pates should be laid;
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.
The Bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use,
'Twas horrid injustice, and vilest abuse,
And declar'd that to save their own heart's blood from spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would ne'er pay a shilling.
But the rulers determin'd their schemes to pursue,
So they set all the Bachelors up at vendue;
A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell, and his trumpet to blow—
And to bawl out at all he might meet on the way.
"He, forty old Bachelors sold here to-day!"
And presently all the Old Maids in the town,
Each one in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red, and pale,
Of every description, all flock'd to the sale.
The auctioneer then in his labor began,
And call'd out aloud as he held up a man,
"How much for a bachelor—who wants to buy?"
In a twink, every maiden responded "I—I!"
In short, at a hugely extravagant price,
The Bachelors all were sold off in a trice,
And forty Old Maidens, some younger, some older,
Each lugged an Old Bachelor home on her shoulder!

CHENANGO CANAL.

The estimated expense of construc ting this w ork is somewhat less than one million of dollars. Its length will be 92 3 4 miles extending from the Susquehanna river at Binghampton, along the valley of the Chenango river and Sawquoit and Oraskany creeks to Erie canal at Whitesborough or Utica. It will pass through the towns of Chenango Forks, Oxford, Norwich, Sherburne, Hamilton, Madison, Clinton, and New Hartford.

T

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

New-York
TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 16, 1833.

SOME TRUTH AND MORE NONSENSE.

"Let the *Blue devils* tug at my heart as they may
With a *Bolus* of *fun* I can laugh them away."

Knocking at our head again and *nobody* at home—Trust in mercy the tenant has not escaped and ruined the premises forever! It was the only decent apartment we had in the house—and what was more, enabled us to keep all the others in order. The *drawing-room* would soon go to ruin if the garret was left unoccupied; and faith, now that we think of it, a lady told us the other day, we had lodgings 'to let' in the upper story. What wicked things these ladies are, and how slyly they can give a man a rap over the knuckles. "Pray Mr. Editor," (said one, to a very ugly old single neighbor of ours, a short time since) "was it you that wrote that article on the pleasure of being an "old bachelor," the other day?"—"Yes, Miss," replied the poor simple scribbler. "Then, sir, I must give you credit for *perpetuating* a very magnanimous, yet paradoxical loss of labor, for you have been defending a cause *you can't help*."

Heigh ho! what a curse it is for an editor to have short nails! here we have been scratching at our head for an idea this half hour, and it appears that we might have spent our time as profitably in bailing water with a flesh fork. We'd *hook* a fresh one, *if we could*, but alas! the papers are as barren as an Alderman's brains lately, or else the paragraphs as old as Methuselah. Would to mercy the devil had that fellow Graham before he invented the plan of living on *sawdust!* How, in the name of reason, can a man perpetuate a *digestable* or *laughable* item, who has been all day *crying* in his efforts to chew *cast iron*. But then it's all very fashionable, and for the good of our constitutions *you know*. So, of course, we are "*mum*." What a benefit it would be to society if our Corporation would only pass an edict to hang all the butchers. Do, dear reader, remember the text—eat nothing good, bad, or indifferent, but Graham bread, which of itself can cure all diseases but the mulgrubs. Always have your pocket handkerchief convenient to stuff up your nose, whenever your evil genius takes you in the vicinity of that den of mortality a *cookshop*, lest you should inhale the *poison* of a *beefsteak*, or suffer *strangulation* from the effluvia of a cup of *green tea*. Read carefully every morning *the nine hundred and ninety-nine indispensable* maxims touching the regulation of your system, and then, when you become properly *au fait* to the business, you will probably be able to get through in time to begin again. Take great care in your peregrinations through the city, to keep your nose in a direct line before you, for the slightest inclination of the shoulders to the right, or left, is calculated to make a drawback on the straightforwardness of the stomach, a thing which might (particularly if you dined heartily) be attended with very *crooked* consequences. In short, sir, oppose your appetite and nature in every thing; and then if you don't kill yourself entirely by learning how to live, you may thank Mr. Graham for having performed a miracle. However, we intend shortly to publish an octavo volume on the subject, which will be read with deep interest by every [illegible] to discover a more luxurious method of starving themselves than has ever emanated from the addled cranium of a pocket picking lecturer.

What a prolific thing thinking is! Here we sat down to petition our wits to indite a compliment to the Editor of the LOWELL COMPEND; and now forsooth, we find ourselves *dealing in bread*. However it is all very *apropos*, for truly we might laugh ourselves to *death*, if we made mention of this gentleman on a *light stomach*; in sooth he is a fellow of infinite wit, whose very original and excellent jests are one of the few resources we have now a days against nullification and the blue devils.

What next? suppose a little of our City sayings and doings? Pshaw! there's nothing said but about the Kembles—*Grave-digging*—and the Corporation, and nothing done, but reading the papers, and shaking our heads! Might not a word or two on the state of the Government and South Carolina be admirable? No, for all speculation has lately been turned to the state of politics in the moon! What think you then of a full length portrait of ourselves? That might do, but things truly beautiful in themselves, are generally spoiled in description. Suppose then, we indite a fac-simile of our study? Worse and worse; there is nothing even decent about it, but the cracked glass, and indeed that has become very degenerate of late, for instead of the *rosy cheeked* gentleman we used to see there about a mont ago whenever we look'd in it, now we are saluted by a *lantern-jawed, hungry* looking fellow, who appears for all the world, as if he had lately, either pop'd out of a tomb-stone—or, been putting himself through a course of the *saw-dust and water* system! However, there's "corn in the sack" yet—the first of March is at hand, and our subscribers are neither made of stocks or stones, that they will not at once see the necessity of keeping a good editor from contemplating a thin cheek in a looking glass.—What more? Nothing at present: for a good *middle* is always better than a *bad end*.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

If any estimate of "public opinion" in relation to this gentleman's claims, can be gathered from the Boston press, it is pretty evident that the good citizens will do, as in courtesy they are bound, "the genteel thing" for our countryman JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

We published a few weeks since a suggestion from "our cousin of Buckingham" of the Courier. F nd Clapp of the Evening Gazette, with his accustomed generosity and courtesy has taken up the subject in good earnest, and we regret that we inadvertently mislaid an article from his pen.

The following remarks are from the Boston Morning Post, a paper never backward in awarding to American talent and genius its just meed of praise.

"And solid pudding before empty praise."

We know of nothing that can be with more propriety expected by the public, than a complimentary benefit to Mr Payne, from the managers of every theatre in the United States. Every one of them has been more or less a gainer by the production of his numerous and very popular melo-dramas. For this he has never received a cent of pecuniary recompense. All his reward has been in the pleasant but empty gratification of touching the sympathies of his countrymen, without touching their silver. To a lofty mind this is of course a high reward; but a man of talent is as much entitled to a full purse as a blockhead, on the principle that teaches that the devil is not entitled to all the best tunes. We should be pleased to see the managers of both the establishments in this city, set apart a night when the proceeds of their houses shall be awarded to Mr. Payne. We will venture to promise that all who have seen Mr. Forrest as Brutus, or Carwin, or Miss Vincent in the delightful character of the Maid of Milan, will throng the Tremont on a night devoted to such a purpose. Mr. Pelby too will have an opportunity, by such a compliment, to repay the author of Brutus for the reputation which he acquired in England, by the performance of that very striking and effective character. These hints are thrown out very casually, and we only hope that they may fall on ground where they will spring up and bear fruit.

TRINITY CHURCH-YARD.

The following resolutions were intended to be handed the Chairman of the meeting to be held in the Park the other day, but which meeting was postponed in consequence of the inclemency of the weather.

1. *Resolved*, That the *People*, being governed by his Honor, the Mayor, and the Honorable, the Aldermen, for the time being, denominate two gentlemen of each ward as a committee, to make arrangements for the calling of another meeting for the purpose of expressing their sentiments respecting the diabolical sacrilege about to be committed in Trinity Church-Yard, with power to employ music on the occasion, and to have a banner, inscribed with the following lines:

"Good friends, for Jesus sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here—
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curs' be he that moves my bones."
Shakspeare.

2. *Resolved*, That the thanks of this meeting be returned to Alderman Mandeville, the only gentleman in the *House of Lords*, who opposed the impious design of the Corporation, and also to Alderman Munroe, (there are two other gentlemen whose names we cannot recollect,) who likewise defended the sanctity of the tomb.

The ballot box at the next election will be the best proofs of public feeling on this occasion, and then if our influence can have any effect, the opposers of this most degrading measure shall not be forgotten.

The above has been handed in by a gentleman for publication, and we sincerely hope the meeting alluded to will be called, and speedily. We know it will be numerously attended. The public indignation has been excited, and justly. Americans are unlike the inhabitants of other nations, who, when abused, will rise up and seize their abusers by the throat? No! God forbid; but they will resist—constitutionally resist the slightest manifestation of tyranny on the part of men whom *they* place in *authority*, *not* to break, but to *support* the laws, which they, the people, would bleed in the defence of. We trust the Corporation will see the error of their ways while they yet have time for repentance. They cannot be so blind as not to see that their present measure of "church-yard robbery" is most obnoxious to the people; and surely they will not *dare*, (for the purpose of rendering individual service) to dispute the right of the people—*of the people of America!* to please themselves, when at the same time they are defending the honor of their country, in the ashes of their fathers, many of whom, perchance have bled for that country's freedom! We will not say a word about reverence for the dead, or the glory of our city. The men that would sanction the tearing of the first from their hallowed homes, can have but little care for the other; but if the public peace and the hope of further favor, (the last we have faith in,) be any consideration, we would advise the Corporation to cancel at once all further idea of putting their abominable resolution in practice.

Thames and Pine streets, both widened, would at the same time answer all the purposes required,—please every one, and what is still more, prove to the people that the Corporation have adopted a motto quite new to them, viz: *pro bono publico*.

We trust this hint will be taken, and *sacrilege* prevented.

CHAPTER OF CONUNDRUMS.

Messrs. Editors:—

Why is Madame Vestris like one of the six hundred men who destoyed the City of Laish in Israel?—

I Guess you can't guess, can you?

Because she is of the tribe of Dan,—sirs. [*Danseers.*]

Why is a man who has no need of a physician, like the worthy Manager of the New-Orleans Theatre?

Because he is Call'd-well. [*Mr. Caldwell.*]

Why is the situation of a bear after crossing a frozen stream, like the wants of a modern politician? Because it's *off-ice*.

Why is a hole torn in a man's coat by a dog, like a passing stream? Because its a *cur-rent*.

Why is a man seeking for lodging like a celebrated American tragedian? Because he is *Forrest*.

"Why do you get in such a passion my dear," exclaimed an affectionate wife to her scolding husband, "surely I never anticipated such specimens of your temper before we were married." "Well, you might have expected it," replied the husband, "you knew I was *Ire-ish*.

When a lover tells his mistress before marriage that the path of matrimony is strewed with flowers, it would appear natural for her to exclaim—"I know that, loveliest;" but, should the same tale be told her after marriage, it would be more natural to hear her exclaim, "I know that love liest—or *lieth*. A-HEM.

For the Traveller, Times & Journal.

TO MY SISTER.

BY H. THOMPSON.

One smile from thy beauty, one sigh from thy breast
Would awaken the dream of those hours of rest
That have passed like the leaf on eddying stream,
Or the vision of sleep in a beauteous dream;
Oh! breathe not my faults, be they many or few:
They should pass, unobserved, like the tremulous dew
That sparkles in beauty on rose-bud or leaf,
Or the tear-drop that falls in the hour of grief,
The cause of that grief, will forever be mine,
But with the voice of the many, oh! mingle not thine,
Or whisper thy sorrows to the careless and vain,
To pass like the zephyr, o'er the desolate plain;
The tide of affliction, like the freshet, may flow
O'er the beauties of earth, in their verdure and glow;
But the sun-light of Heaven again will illume
The flowers that wither and fade o'er the tomb;
Oh! grant me that smile which was once only mine;
Let it light the pale Future's of beauty's decline—
Let it linger and play on the cheek of regret,
And whisper the brother—you cannot forget.

AMERICAN AUTHORS.

Messrs. Editors—I perceive by an advertisement in the newspapers, that "the *enterprising* and *public-spirited* proprietors of the Philadelphia Ladys' Book" have issued proposals for a new periodical, to be called the "Novelists Magazine," and that they have, "with a spirit of *generosity* for which they deserve the *thanks* of every friend of our rising literature, offered"—now what, sirs, do you suppose follows this complimentary notice of those enterprising and public spirited publishers? You shall see, why sirs—the *enormous* sum of *five hundred dollars*—pray point the words in italics—as a *prize*—mark that—for the best NOVEL that can be produced in this country! If this is a specimen of the *liberality* extended towards American authors, let me ask you if it is any wonder that our writers *sometimes* become disgusted, and seek in a foreign land, the support that is denied them in their own? Only think, Messrs. Editors, of a prize of five hundred dollars for a prize novel! what a temptation to a man of talents! Could he resist the enticing offer? Who now will dare assert that this is a clime—

"Where fancy sickens, and where genius dies!"

ERRATA.—In our account of the Match Race at Columbia, last week, the compositor made us say "mile heats" instead of *four mile heats* as it should have been. Our friends will please note the alteration, as a mile in 8 minutes is not *quite* equal to the speed of Flying Childers!

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Visit to Dyottville—Sketch of the place—Dr. Dyott—Swaim's Panacea—Mr. Forrest and the Courier—Madam Feron—Managers controlled by the public—The public controlled by Managers, etc.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 15, 1833.

My visit to Dyottville, as I anticipated, was replete with gratification. No man could wander through it without becoming a friend to the American system. In all my travels I never witnessed the operation of glass blowing, and novelty therefore lent its charm to the excursion. Dyottville is contiguous to Philadelphia, indeed incorporated with it, there being no visible boundary. It contains a chapel, academy, and work shops of every necessary description. Neat two story houses without the pale of the main buildings have been erected by the Doctor for the accommodation of those who are *blessed* with *families*. The view from the wharf on the Delaware is perhaps the finest which can be found in the vicinity. I was astonished to find that within a space so small, so much was embraced, and while contemplating the Doctor as the reflection of his handy work heightened his naturally benevolent smile, felt a pang of envy that such enjoyment as I felt assured he must experience was, (and likely forever) denied me. The evening was devoted to service in the chapel; previous to which, the boys, 200 in number, with contented and smiling countenances (after partaking of a repast which my gentlemanly host of the United States might have relished) assembled in the academy—here they sung several hymns, and manifested a discretion in keeping time whereat I was much surprised. Occasionally a discordant stentorian burst from some waggish or perhaps over ambitious urchin, marred the harmony, but to my unpractised ear brought it into greater relief. During the service my attention was engrossed in the contemplation of Doctor Dyott and his young and numerous household. I thought of the heavy responsibility he had assumed. I reflected on all I had seen in the villa—I looked upon the boys. I turned to the Doctor—the same benevolent glow was there—a consciousness seemed to speak—"If any of the innocents diverge from the path of rectitude, the sin fall not on my head. I have trained them in the way they should go, and if they depart, heaven keep me from the knowledge of it."

I was introduced the other day to Dr. Swaim—while in his office a man came in for another bottle of the Panacea. His wife had been abandoned by one of the first physicians here, and for nearly a year was unable to help herself. The fourth bottle of the medicine completed the change which admitted the resumption of her household duties. I was much affected at the recital by the husband of her illness' history. He doted on his Mary, and, although in humble circumstances, spoke with a crude eloquence that many of our public *talkers* might (or rather ought) sigh to emulate. He owned a little property, which he declared he cheerfully would have sacrificed—yea, have bartered his health in the exertion to restore a companion with whom it was his wish to descend the hill of life. His gratitude to Mr. Swaim overcame his eloquence, and excited the surprise of the medical gentleman who introduced me, notwithstanding that he had witnessed many similar cases.

What say the folks respecting Forrest and the Courier. The redoubtable editor of that paper, it appears to me, would commit suicide if a week elapsed without his being engaged in some personal broil. His attacks on Forrest have been unmanly and wanton. I never drank Mr. Forrest's champaigne, and probably never will, assuredly do not desire to. I have no friendship for Mr. Forrest that could prompt me to the utterance of a biased word, indeed it would probably be *au contraire*; but as a man of genius I have ever regarded him and do regard him. You may whisper to the conductor of the mammoth sheet, that his attacks are merely adding strength to the solid foundation on which Forrest's reputation rests. The editor who could elevate Mr. Keppell into a star—bright as Venus itself—who could sit with a shuffling manager and laugh a native actor out of countenance—one on whose performances the *first* critics of his darling England passed the highest encomiums—is truly, scarcely worthy of regard. A whisper is on the breeze, and I am sure there will be a sequence to this business which will relieve you from the necessity of seeking a subject for an article.

I caught a glimpse of Madam Feron, the other evening. I understood some time ago that she was to figure at the opera. Her equal is not in this country, and it excites my wonder that she is not engaged. If the melody, which charmed us in the *Arab Steed*, were lavished upon the naturally dulcet Italian, what a treat might not be expected. Managers are "queer fishes," and half the time, when they do cater to please, blunder on the dish. The public necessarily control the manager in a certain degree; but in equally as great a degree do the managers control the public. Instance Price and Gilfert. But enough!

☞ Our very clever friends of the Boston Morning Post, (thank ye, gentlemen, for the compliment,) not unfrequently forget to give us credit for "divers and sundry" of our lucubrations. The Post of Wednesday last contained five articles from our "*Traveller, Spirit of the Times, and Journal*," with only a line over the first article—"from the New York Times." Now there is, or was, a little sheet published in this city called "The Times," and as we have no ambition to crown our brow with their laurels, we trust our contemporaries will do us the justice to select from some one of our "multitudinous" *titles* such as will indicate the source whence they emanate.

A *Man*, to be a *Gentleman*, is very often under the necessity of playing the *palpable* hypocrite, that is, of saying very kind words to another, when at the same time, he has often been hinting that it would give him infinite pleasure to blow his brains out. This is often manifested in personal interviews, but more frequently by letters—for instance, we have lately seen one to the following effect:—

Sir,—Your *character* has at length become manifest, and now I perceive, what I before partly suspected, that you are at *best* but an accomplished blackguard, which of all blackguards is the *worst*. I do not rebuke you with your past misconduct, that conduct has rendered you past rebuke, nor will I humble myself in my own estimation, by taking advantage of that *privilege* which is the prerogative of all injured GENTLEMEN: but *God willing*, I will not deny myself the pleasure of *writing* my *wrongs* on your back with a cow hide the first opportunity.

Believe me, Sir, to be
Your very *Obedient Humble Servant*.
P. K.

Thus we see one gentleman calls another any thing but a good *master*, and in language which evinces any thing but *humility*; and then as if by way of qualification, subscribes himself, His *Obedient Humble* servant.

Query—What reconciles this contradiction?

Answer—*Fashion*.

THE DUNLAP BENEFIT.

The Committee, consisting of David Hosack, Philip Hone and George P. Morris, appointed at the last meeting of the gentlemen engaged in the Dunlap Benefit, for the purpose of arranging the entertainments of the evening, have selected the tragedy of

VENICE PRESERVED,

with the following powerful cast:

Jaffier	Mr. Kemble.
Pierre	Mr. Forrest.
Belviera,	Miss Fanny Kemble

In the course of the evening Mrs Austin and several other distinguished vocalists and amateurs will unite in a Musical OLIO. A suitable address will be spoken by Mrs. Sharpe, and the entertainments will conclude with Mr. Dunlap's Farce of

NAPOLEON IN ENGLAND,

In which Messrs. Placide, Anderson, Simpson, Barry, Mesdames Sharpe and Wheatley will appear. In addition to the foregoing, much auxiliary aid has been tendered to and accepted by the committee. And as it is now certain that this Dramatic festival will be brilliant beyond example, we presume all the places will be promptly taken. The treasurer is in daily attendance at the office of the New York Mirror, where the Box plan has been left, at the request of the committee. All the places in the amphitheatre, and most of the seats in the dress circle have already been disposed of.

The Benefit will take place at the Park Theatre on the evening of 28th inst.

GUARD ROOM TALES;

THE MAGICIAN—NO. I.

If ever the spirits of an anticipated world are suffered to intermeddle in the affairs of this, the garrison of Hull, in Yorkshire is haunted. We do not build our opinions on the unearthly groans which issue nightly from the magazines, although undoubtedly the faintest of them would be sufficient warranty as to the neighborhood of a ghost; nor would we even base our faith on the blue light which is occasionally seen streaming from a certain window in the arsenal, although under the perfect assurance that we have often seen it there, knowing at the same time that no man of mortal mould could be on the premises unless he had passed in through the key hole. But there is another evidence that all is not after the every-day order of things in Hull Barracks, which is not only received current by the soldier, but ever sanctioned by the peculiar laws of the garrison.

The walls of an English Barracks when occupied, are always surrounded by sentries, stationed at convenient intervals, whose duty is to prevent all strangers from breaking in, and all friends from breaking out. Now, around three divisions of the one we are speaking of, there is no lack of soldiers, but they are stationed at places whose natural situations alone might be considered a sufficient guarantee against egress or otherwise, while the fourth division, which is peculiarly accessible to friend or foe, remains unprotected altogether. Let no man dispute the authenticity of this seeming inconsistency; for the proof hath passed before us—there we have seen the almost impregnable portions of the ramparts, populous with soldiers, while here a corner which embraced at least a fourth of the whole, was left solely to the guardianship of a very unresponsible looking wall, and two or three superannuated 12 pounders.

What could be the original cause of such a discrepancy, is, of course, a matter of much speculation, which, however, would be all in vain, was it not that the groans and the blue lamp, assisted by a wild tradition or two, throw a good deal of light on the matter, and even still there is a variety of opinions, but the grand issue of them all is, that the place is haunted, so that the arguments can be only based on the cause, quality, or quantity of the ghosts.

One night, some four years since, as the soldiers on duty were gathered round a blazing fire in the guard room, the conversation turned (as was generally the case) on the "Devil's Elbow," which was the name the unsentinelled portion of the garrison was known by.

"I have little faith in spirits," observed the Sergeant, "but sooth it is rather singular there are no sentries there."

"It would be a good deal more so if there was," replied a weather-beaten veteran, with a very knowing nod; "the army of Britain could not supply it for a whole month together."

"Why, Jack? at least do you know any reason but the groans, and the light, and the black trooper that now and then rides the headless horse about?"

"Mayhap I do, but its rather a ticklish sort of subject to talk of, and a body sentry on the north magazine between eleven and one."

"Hout man! you talk like a dumb boy."

"Aye, aye, Sergeant! but it would be no boy's work to have the devil, or something *worse*, run away with a man before morning—I know a thing or two that might puzzle a bishop!"

"Well, Jack, as you will, but I'd stand a quartern of Jub's rum for your secret."

"Troth! it's worth a gallon, Sergeant! particularly as a body runs the hazard of losing himself by the telling of it; but if you make it a double Reader, I'll be talking to you, for few ghosts would be hardy enough to attack a man with a gill of rum in his stomach."

"Agreed," says one of the guard; "I'll go the Sergeant's halves."

Thus secured, Jack Madden pressed his hand upon his forehead for a few moments to collect his ideas, and here it may be proper to caution the reader, lest he should think any part of the following tale out of character, that our story teller was at once a guard house wit, a most enthusiastic lover of the sublime and wonderful,—and withal, no inconsiderable poet. After rousing himself from his reverie, Jack commenced a most fearful attack on a reverend little black pipe, and having inhaled inspiration through some twenty or thirty very rapid and violent puffs, deposited his "dudeen," carefully in his castor, and thus commenced:

"It is twenty-two years ago, or there-abouts, since the fifty —— Regiment was quartered in this town, and a beautiful regiment it was, too, barring the Colonel and four or five other officers of the same breed, whom any man in the corps with a very clear conscience of having done his duty, might have safely wished to the devil. Just at that time I listed, and sure enough, for many a month after, I thought it would have been as wise a turn to have hanged myself. Such marching, and drilling, and flogging, was never seen—drum head Court Martials every day, and no parade, but some poor fellow's back had proved the prowess of the drum-major's arm. In short, we soon got so used to it, like Irish eels to be skinned, that a Punishment Parade was thought no more about than the roll-call for dinner. I even remember to have received three hundred lashes myself for looking too red in the face one morning, contrary to regimental orders.

"O Jack, you lie! at least the color of your face must have had some connexion with the *situation* of your stomach."

"On my honor, no, Sergeant; for nothing short of Irish 'dare-devil' could ever change my complexion, and I assure you I had not touched a pin's worth of any thing stronger than Hollands that morning; however, it done just as well, for the Captain said I was drunk, and the 300 lashes followed as a matter of course.

"While things were in this state, a batch of recruits joined one day from London, and the weather being warm, the march long, and what was still worse, the poor boys, unused to tramp, they crossed the old draw-bridge down by here, with any thing but a military step, and in any thing but military order.

"Who be these," cried the Colonel, looking from the window of the mess-room.

"Recruits from London, sir," answered the Sergeant-Major.

"Humph! fit tassels for gibbets, then," rejoined the Colonel; "they appear better fitted to grace a gallows than fight the French."

"Yes, sir," returned the Sergeant-Major, who, by the way, was like all of your non-commissioned officers, (barring yourself, *of course*, Sergeant Riddipond,) ready to swear black was white, against the world, at the tail of a Colonel's word.

"Yes, sir; and now that they have felt the road a little, an hour's drilling among the stones would have more effect in teaching them the use of their legs, than twice as much another time."

"Well thought of," returned the Colonel, who was very accessible to any hint in the line of villainy; "and so, Sergeant, I wish you'd see to it at once."

"No sooner said than done; that man never buckled a sword belt, who loved better to be commissioned on a dirty job, than Sergeant-Major Boggs; and indeed he owed his situation more to his shining qualities as Regimental Pimp, than to his talent at drill. Away he flew across the square, and halted the astonished recruits with a voice that appeared to have cracked his lungs in the delivery."

"Halt, scarecrows! How now, Sergeant?—you must have scraped all the prisons in Britain, on you way to have collected such a troop of rag-a-muffins. Hold up your heads and close your heels or I'll stock and spaniel ye. Silence, —no reply. Halloo, you Corporal; put that fellow in the black hole for grumbling, yonder. Now "tention"—right dress—steady—eyes front, forward—double."

"So ordered Billy Boggs, and of course, nothing was left for the worn out 'green horns' but obedience. For a time he kept wheeling them to the right and left on the grass-plat, but their ungainly manœuvres not according with his ideas of discipline, he doubled them to the most untrodden and roughest portion of the square, and having taken his station in the midst, kept them wheeling round and round again in a swing trot, until they were panting for air. We were all gathered about, looking at this novel mode of tormenting, and the Colonel was in a roar of laughter at the ludicrous efforts of the poor fellows to avoid the painted stones, when all of a sudden the Sergeant-Major gave a yell, which made us leap again, and immediately joined in the race himself. At first we thought he was only jeering the recruits by showing them how much better he could do the business himself; but after a while, when he began to shout out that his corns were killing him, and refused to stop his canter, even at the command of the Colonel, we began to suspect the fact that he was possessed of a running devil.

"Halt, sir," shouted the Colonel; "wait till I come to the end of the ring," said the Sergeant.

"I command you to stop," roared the one;—"Oh, damn the stones; they'll be the death of me," cried the other.

"How now, sir—villain! resist my order! Mr. Adjutant, think you that man drunk or mad?"

"Both, sir; for he's mad with drinking," replied the Adjutant, who, by the way, loved the Sergeant-Major, as the devil loves a prayer book.

"Call a drumhead," then, and we'll soon put a "check in his gallop."

A court-martial was accordingly summoned, and old Bagg's, (who, when the recruits retired, instantly recovered from his running fit,) brought before it, where (by the assistance of three or four intimate friends, who, seeing he was on the rocks, swore him *mad drunk*, in the hope of rising on his ruins,) in half an hour he was reduced to the ranks, and sent, hard bolted, to the black hole, in order, as the president said, to cool himself into *reasonable sobriety*.

This affair was soon hushed up, and things going on as formerly—the men in office laying it to the charge of the rum canteen, and all others knowing very well that some more potent *spirit* was at the bottom of it. Of this we had good proof a few days afterwards, by a circumstance even more extraordinary than the first; for, as the Adjutant was ordering a man to be silent in the *ranks*, his tongue clove suddenly to the roof of his mouth, and much to the satisfaction of every one, it never wagged again for a week. Besides these, the Quarter-Master, who was famous for his impositions on the soldiers, was compelled by some irresistible force, to remain for a whole night nearly up to his neck in a barrel of liquid pipe-clay. In short, scarce a day passed but something of this nature happened, and what was more extraordinary to my thinking, no man ever suffered but for the public good. Captain Eaden, whom any man in the regiment would have gone fifty miles to see hanged, was, one dark night, kicked from the draw-bridge into the moat, and, in spite of every effort to extricate himself, was found struggling in the mud at day-break next morning. Lieutenant Nelly, ditto, ditto; and indeed, the only regret on his account was, that he did not receive a quietus altogether. The new Sergeant-Major, who was a great hand at advocating the utility of additional acquirements, was often observed to leave his bed during the night, and march for hours together up and down the ramparts, stark naked but his shirt, and with a broom-stick, musket fashion, over his shoulder. One evening in particular, having approached the post of a man whom he had often provided with quarters in the black hole, gratis; he was challenged to stand, and give the countersign. "I stand, not give to no man," he replied.—"Then," says the sentry, knowing he had the law on his side, "I'll try what sort of a hand you are at running," and immediately the Sergeant-Major's shoulder-blade was made a thoroughfare for a musket ball.

But, in spite of all these, and fifty other such circumstances, the actual sufferers never suspected, or at least never pretended to suspect, that, which every other man in the regiment would have sworn to on the chapters; namely, that there was something in the neighborhood, who had more to do with the ordering of things than the Colonel. A wild sort of a fellow, named Paddy Finn, once hinted this on parade; for when the Captain threatened him with something or other, he replied, "Och! your honor, that's all as 'Jack in the dark" chooses, and indeed, after the night's lodging you had in the mud t'other day, I think you had best keep him on your hands."

A court-martial was instantly the consequence—Pat arraigned—and, of course, a sentence was his dowry; but, just as the Colonel was signing the proceedings, a whiff of wind, or the devil snatched it out of his hand, and the prisoner got clear. This, as you may suppose, was more from fear than favor.

At length things went to such a pitch, that no person—not even the Chaplain, pretended to doubt the existence of some one among us, who, if he choose, could have made a foot-ball of the barracks; and, to tell the truth, he was a general favorite among both officers and men, of the right class; and, if a devil—he was precisely the devil we wanted; for he never played his pranks, only on those that deserved them, and indeed, so often had he taken cognizance of our tormentors of late, that, in justice to them, I must allow they began to grow wondrous civil. One or two, indeed, stuck out to the last; but their powers of ill were so impotent, that it was a matter of fun, rather than fear, to see the ludicrous efforts they made to work mischief; and whenever a gentleman of this stamp was seen running along the square with any appearance of hurry, it was instantly hazzed about the barracks, that "Jack o'Darkness" was tugging him along by the nose.

One morning, about six months after the Sergeant-Major's dancing fit, which was the finest affair of "Jack's" on the regimental record, a tall old man, with white flowing hair, and fiery eye, entered the barrack square. On arriving at the centre he paused, and, throwing into his features an air of greater command than ever I have seen assumed by a general, or even a corporal on his first day of installation, spoke as follows:—

"I am Strabo, the magician!" said having heard of the wonderful things which fame reports, as being performed down here, I come to challenge the contriver of them to a trial of his art."

The Colonel's eye danced again at the words.—"Ah! hah!" says he; "found out at last! We have been played on then by some magician or other—eh? Oh! if I can but have the pleasure of hanging him from the lamp-post, I'll be"——

"Hang'd!" said a voice somewhere among us, and which, to me, was perfectly familiar.

"Oh! my throat!—my throat!" shrieked the Colonel, unclasping his stock and baring his neck which was swollen and red, with the exception of a black circle, that appeared as if traced there by a halter.

"Your presumption is justly punished," exclaimed the conjurer. "Learn for the future to respect that, which you must bend to. Nay! look no threats at me, impotent worm—but mark, and hear, and tremble! So! what a thing art thou!—a ruffian and a cur! A moment since treading on the necks of your betters; and now festering beneath the glance of a stranger."

And such indeed appeared to be the case; for any person, who had then seen our doughty Colonel, might suppose that he had lately taken the palsey, and had shaken himself half away; for, while he was trembling all over, like an aspen, he had fairly shrunk himself into an atomy with fear.

The conjurer having honored him with a long leer of the most profound contempt, which, to tell the truth, was like "Balm of Gilead" to us, again looked upwards and exclaimed,

"Dare the cause of this mystic girdle stand before the second magician in the universe? Hah! 'tis as I thought. Some audacious dabbler in the sublime science! Colonel, you shall have your will. Collect your troops, and I shall leave this juggler powerless, and manifest to all."

The regiment was instantly in line, and the magician, standing in the midst of a circle, confronted our centre. All eyes were bent upon him, and every heart throbbing with an awful curiosity, not unmixed, however, with the hope, that Jack o'Darkness would be able to defend himself yet. The magician, after muttering aloud for some minutes, and twisting himself about, as if laboring under strong convulsions, pointed a little ebony wand, which he held in his right hand downwards, when the ground opened for a moment, and out rolled a golden ball. "Now" he cried, "wherever thou art, prepare to meet thy doom," and instantly swung the ball into the heavens. So rapid was the ascent, that it fairly whistled as it flew, and was about three minutes in the sky, during which time the magician kept his eye bent upon the sun, with an expression of perfect triumph, when, of a sudden, an angry whir was heard in the heavens, and the magician, starting back wards, as if struck by a sun-blast, sent forth a shriek of the deadliest despair, and fell lifeless on the ground, at the same instant that the golden ball crashed at his feet and vanished.

MAGNIFICENT PICTURES.

There are now exhibiting at the *Academy of Fine Arts*, two most splendid paintings which will afford a rare gratification to the lovers of this glorious art, and must reflect most favourably on the modern French school. They were painted by DUBUFE, for Charles X. of France, and sold in London on his abdication of the throne. The subject is happily chosen, being *The Temptation of Adam and Eve and their Expulsion from Paradise*. They were exhibited in London and received the approbation of the Academy, and the admiration of all artists and the public generally. They are now offered for the inspection of our citizens, and cannot fail to gratify all those who are amateurs, and may be inclined to indulge their taste in viewing these chaste and highly poetic specimens of modern art.

ORIGINAL ENIGMA.

We are a family of four.
In Egypt we had birth;
Relations we have many more
In most parts of the earth.
If you take one, and leave but three,
We're sightless as the wind:
The second take—we name a tree
Of a notorious kind;
But if together we are found
We many things combine.
Where ere we are, no clouds abound,
Men toast us in their wine.

F-a-i-r,
Air,
Fir,
The Fair.
A-HEM!

In compliance with the request of S. J. Waters concerning Mr. King, we are happy to inform him, and all others whom it may concern, that this gentleman is still at the Institute for the cure of Stammering, at Barclay street, New York, but, as will be seen by a notice in another part of our columns, a speedy application is necessary, as the establishment will soon be closed.

☞ MR KING, Professor of Elocution, requests us to give notice, that his Institution for the *permanent correction* and *cure* of Stammering and *all other* impediments of speech, is closed. Also, that he will open in Philadelphia on the 20th inst. Those who require his services are requested to make application as early as the 15th of March, as the institution will not continue open there but three months.

No pecuniary demand will be made until the pupil shall be satisfied with his instruction. Feb 16 lt

A GOOD SHOT.

JAMES CITY, Va. Nov. 26, 1832.

MR. EDITOR.—I have seen several anecdotes in your paper not more worthy of notice than the following, for the truth of which, I pledge my veracity. Some years since, Mr. Loury, of Elizabeth City, mounted on a colt, who had never before carried a gun, rode in a half speed at a deer who was crossing his course, through an open wood, and without halting, fired upon, and killed the deer, who was running at his utmost speed.

J. S.—*Sports. Mag.*

Literary Notices.

"Travels in various parts of Peru; including a Year's Residence in Potosi.—By Edmund Temple, Knight of the distinguished Order of Charles III.: 2 vols. 12mo.: pp. 550."—Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

Two volumes of light and racy reading, written by a "good humored" Irishman, (a character for which we entertain much respect.) By the way, our readers have been frequently amused by the humorous and very clever productions of a son of the Emerald Isle, who will, according to our prediction, at some future period, rank high among the most gifted of his countrymen. We allude to the author of Poems, and Irish Legends and Sketches, under the signature of "Harp of Carolan," J. M. M. &c. But we were, in the admiration of our correspondent's genius, well nigh forgetting the volume before us. We cannot so well express our opinion as by adopting the following extract of a review of this work, which appeared in *Bulwer's New Monthly Magazine*.—"So much has been ill written on the subject of Spanish America, that we entered upon the travels now on our table with every anticipation of disappointment; but after reading to the middle we became so deeply absorbed that we persevered to the last page of the second volume; and having done so, we have to thank the author for the very agreeable narrative with which he has favored us. These travels in Peru will long maintain their reputation for the accuracy of detail, the spirit of the style, and the utility of the information they contain. The professional matter is very valuable."

NEW NOVEL.

E. L. Carey and A. Hart, of Philadelphia, have in press and nearly ready for publication, "Fitz George, a novel, in two volumes." The London New Monthly Magazine says this is one of those works in which a philosophic and sarcastic mind covers bitter truth in smiling fiction. The character of George the Fourth and the favorites of his Court, are presented to us under false names—but with little other departure from reality. Perhaps, indeed, the author somewhat maligns the mind, the intellect, and the conduct of the late King. We incline to believe that George IV. had a fine nature, but that it was early and permanently corrupted. This as it may be, the author of Fitz George has produced a work full of that ability which few living can rival—full too of a grave and sad experience of human follies—of the disparities of the world—of the half monkey, half-tiger dispositions of mankind.

Discourses by Wm. Ellery Channing. Boston, CHARLES BOWEN, pp. 280, 1833.

This volume contains eleven parochial discourses of Dr. Channing. The subjects embraced are—the Evidences of Christianity, a rational religion—Honor due to all men—Self Denial—The Imitableness of Christ's character—The Evil of Sin—Immortality, and the Love of Christ. To say that Dr. Channing is one of the purest writers of the day—that he is in every respect the best writer our country boasts, is only saying what every one says. Dr. Channing, it is well known, is associated with that class of Christians denominated Unitarians, but the sermons before us are practical, and generally advance sentiments which the liberal and serious christian of every denomination would, we presume, very cheerfully endorse. His review of Scott's Napoleon, a most masterly performance, was republished in England, as were also several other papers from his pen, and his reputation as a writer stands as high on the other side of the Atlantic as in his own country.

We commend the volume now published not only on account of the great moral truths inculcated, but as a model for pure English composition.

CLERKS' MAGAZINE.

This is the title of a collection of the most useful forms which occur in business transactions between man and man, comprising many valuable forms not before given in any one collection, calculated for the use of the citizens of the United States, and made conformable to law. It contains forms for certificates of abandonment—Administrator's accounts—Affidavits, Agreements—Award—Bill of Exchange—Bill of Sale—Bond—Condition of Bond—Composition—Condition of Sale—Conveyance—Copartnership—Covenant—Deeds—Defeasance—

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

Sporting Varieties.

SAVANNAH JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

We are indebted to an attentive correspondent and the Georgian for data, from which to compile an account of the Races over the Bonadventure Course near this city. At a meeting of the Club on Saturday, Jan. 26th at the City Hotel, the following gentlemen were elected officers of the same for the ensuing year.

Geo. W. Owens, President.
J. P. Henry, 1st Vice President.
M. Myers, 2d Vice-President.
Richard D. Arnold, Secretary.
Jonathan Olmstead, Treasurer.
Wm Robertson, Edw'd. Padelford, Jos. Bryan, W. P. Bowen, C. P. Richardsone, } Stewards.
H. McAlpin, John Millen, M. H. Wakeman, } Timers.

FIRST DAY.

On Wednesday, the 30th ult. at 2 o'clock commenced the 1st days races over the Bonadventure Course, for a purse of $700, *four mile heats*. The weather was unpropitious for the amusements of the day, as before noon it commenced raining violently, which prevented the attendance of the usual concourse of spectators However, those who attended were well repaid for the badness of the weather by the interest of the race

The day previous the following entries were made:—

Mr. J. Harrison's Tuberose, four years old, by Arab, dam Bedford, raised in Virginia.

Mr. J. S. Pope's Expectation, four years old, by Phenomenon, dam a Gallatin mare, raised in South Carolina.

Col. J. R. Spann's Sally Hornet, six years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Hornet, raised in Va.

Mr. M. C. Ligon's Cannibal, four years old, by Muckle John, dam by Oscar, raised in Georgia.

Mr. W. G. Haun's Rattlesnake, three years old, by Bertrand, dam Devil by Paragon, raised in Kentucky.

Mr. Montmolin's Patsey Wallace, three years old, by Alexander, dam by Robin Grey.

Of the six horses enterad, Sally Hornet and Rattle Snake were the competitors for the first heat. Cannibal passing close behind. Patsey Wallace gave up the contest after the first mile. Sally Hornet won by 18 inches.—Time 8 minutes 20s.

The second heat was closely run by the Hornet and Rattle Snake, the other horses keeping within the distance; but Sally Hornet was pulled up atthe end of the 4th mile, within 120 yards of the Judges' Stand, and Rattle Snake won the 2d heat. Time 8m. 30s.

3d heat. Tuberose was now drawn. The contest was now between the four remaining horses. Rattle Snake having the inside track, Sally Hornet the next. The horses now started, bets being equal between the Hornet and the Rattle Snake, the backers of each being mutually afraid of being stung. And now commenced a most animated contest, kept up during 3 miles by all the nags, but at the 4th mile Cannibal lost his ground and fell behind, Expectation going on, but the Hornet and Rattle Snake being the contenders for the purse, and after a gallant struggle it was awarded to Sally Hornet by two lengths.—Time 8m. 45s.

The course was in a very heavy condition, the riders being muddied from head to foot when they came in. Expectation carried 9 pounds above his regular weight.

SECOND DAY.

Jan. 31.—For to-day's race, purse $500, *three mile heats*, the following horses were entered:—

Mr. J. S. Pope's Bacchus, 6 years old, by Sir Archy, dam by Shark horse Ratler,

Mr. J. Harris's Joab, 4 years old, by Sir Andrew, dam by Potomac.

Col. J. R. Spann's, Van Buren, 5 years old, by Sir William, dam by Hambletonian.

Mr. C. Ligon's, Eliza Jackson, 4 years old, by Sir Andrew, dam by Financier.

To-day as if in compliance with the wishes of thousands who echoed Richard's apostrophe of "Shine out fair sun," it shone auspiciously and drew out *en masse* the fashion and beauty of the city the course was absolutely thronged with ladies, amatures and "whips" many from a distance, who gave animation to the brilliant assemblage, they graced with their presence.

When called to mount, the horses came up to the stand in fine spirits, their glossy coats showing the careful attention with which they had been groomed, and at the tap of the drum they started, Van Buren on the inside. The contest for the first mile was a close one. Tattnall taking the lead about the beginning of the back stretch, and at the end of the first mile coming in ahead, closely pressed by Van Buren, the others following not far behind. In the second mile Bacchus stopped, and Tattnall was observed to have failed suddenly, but he still kept on, V. Buren leading the whole of the second mile and of the third, winning the first heat by a large distance—Joab, who came in second, and Eliza Jackson third, appearing to wish merely to save their distance and drawing up just within the distance stand. Tattnall was distanced, and upon examination it was found that he was let down in one of his legs, and of course was totally unfit for running. He was injured in the ancle by a nail in the stable a week ago. Time 6m. 20s.

Second Heat.—Bets were now nearly even, the field against Van Buren. Eliza Jackson had behaved so well that many were confident that she would take this heat from Van Buren, and thus break the heast.—This heat was well contested between Eliza Jackson and Van Buren, Joab not having much to do in it, but giving ground gradually. But the South-Carolina blood was too pure, and after a gallant struggle, which reflected honor upon her, Eliza Jackson was forced to yield to Van Buren, who gained the heat by about five lengths Joab was distanced.—Time, 6m. 18s.

After the regular racing there was a race for a single dash of one mile, for saddle nags, the Club contributing a sum and the enterers also a specific sum, the whole to be taken by the winner. This was quite an interesting race, four horses being entered. The race was won by a bay filley named Little Ellen, owned by Mr. McAlpin, and born and raised at his plantation, the Hermitage, within four miles of Savannah.—Time 2m. 6s.

The course was very heavy from the continued rain of the day previous.

THIRD DAY.

Feb. 1.—The following horses are entered for this day's Race, two mile heats—purse, $300.

Mr. J. Harrison's, Festival, 4 years old, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon.

Mr. J. Pope's Expectation, 4 years old, by Phenomenon, dam by Gallatin.

Mr. M. C. Ligon's Cannibal, by Muckle John, dam by Oscar.

Among the numerous spectators to-day, we again had the pleasure of meeting the fair, whose smiles are always necessary to increase our exertions. We were also gratified at the display on the part of our citizens, as one best calculated to encourage those efforts which have been made amongst us to contribute to their amusement, and to encourage the raising of fine horses in this vicinity, and in the State. The competitors for the Race were Festival, Cannibal, and Expectation.

At a little after twelve, the riders mounted and brought their horses up to the stand, and at the word they started, Cannibal having the inside track. The contest for the first mile was a close one. Cannibal leading from the commencement of the back stretch, but at the last turn of the first mile, Festival began to lock him, and they came down the straight stretch nearly side by side, Expectation not far behind, Festival ahead the first mile; but Cannibal strode too wide, and took the lead the second mile at the beginning of the back stretch, and passed the judge's stand 30 yards ahead of Festival, who came in second.—Expectation last. Time 4 m. 9 s.

Second Heat. Festival was withdrawn this heat, having as we understood broken one of her plates. Great hopes were now entertained of the bottom of Expectation. But before it was known that Festival was withdrawn, bets were freely offered against Cannibal's taking the second heat. At the signal the 2 horses came up, & at the word "Go" started, Cannibal having the track. This heat was closely contested until the end of the second mile, when Cannibal began to gain, and passed the stand about twenty yards ahead.—Time 4 m. 6 s.

The Course was in better order yesterday than the day before. After the regular racing, four saddle nags were entered for the saddle horse sweepstake. Among them was one taken from a gig, and the harness was stripped off, and a saddle put on just before the race. This one was of what is called the regular singed cat breed, for he won the race easily at the very good time of 1 m. 55 sec.

THE PARK THEATRE.

On Monday evening, a crowded audience assembled to witness for the first time, Mr. Kemble in Macbeth, but owing to his "hoarseness," Otway's tragedy of Venice Preserved was substituted, in which Miss Kemble presented Belvidera, while the characters of Pierre and Jaffier devolved upon Barry and Mason; and however much the house might have been disappointed at the announcement, the acting throughout left them nothing to regret in the change of the play.

We have frequently read and also witnessed representations of this admired tragedy, but until this evening, were not sensible of the half its beauties; we stand indebted to Belvidera for acquainting us with many passages replete with quiet interest and delightful imagery, we before overlooked—while she lent a charm to the sublime and beautiful poetry of the author, we did not imagine the character afforded scope for.

What could be more affecting than the piteous look—the affecting tone of alarm, combining grief and terror, with which those words were pronounced in Act II. scene 2d—where Belvidera, by command of her husband is torn from his arms:—

"Alas! where am I? whither is it you lead me?
Methinks I read distraction in your face—
You shake and tremble too! your blood runs cold!
Heav'ns guard my love, and bless his heart with patience!"

and the thrilling accent and pathos in which she gave—

"Part! must we part? Oh! am I thus forsaken?
Why drag you from me? whither are you going?
My dear! my life! my love!"

was irresistibly pathetic. The involuntary start, when Jaffier presents the dagger to old Renault, bidding him, should he "prove unworthy," "strike it to her heart," actually seemed to call forth a sympathetic shudder from the whole house. But perhaps the crowning effort, the most brilliant point of all, was at the closing scene of the second Act, in that beautiful passage—

"Oh, thou unkind one!
Have I deserved this from you?
Look on me, tell me—speak, thou dear deceiver—
Why am I separated from thy love?
If I am false accuse me; but if true,
Don't, pr'ythee don't, in poverty forsake me,
But pity the sad heart that's torn with parting,
Yet, hear me; yet, recall me, Jaffier, Jaffier!"

The forlorn, reproachful, yet still dignified tone in which the first three lines were given—the distracted appeal in the two that follow, and the expression of suffocating agony, with which the

"Don't, pr'ythee, don't—

was given, with the complete abandonment of soul betrayed in the

—"sad heart that's *torn* with parting,"

was electrical in its effect upon the audience, "nor do we think," says a valued contemporary, "we ever saw Miss Kemble discover more power, or throw more energy into her acting than in this brief passage."

We might particularize several other passages, had we room, but must confine ourselves to the following—in the first of which, when expostulating with Jaffier on his want of confidence, she says—

"Fetch, fetch that dagger back, the dreadful dower
Thou gav'st last night, in parting with me; strike it
Here to my very heart; and as the blood flows from it,
Judge if it run not pure as Cato's daughter's,"

nothing could be finer than the dignity she imparted to it. We never shall forget her withering look, when, as she leans on her husband, she taunts him with,

"Nay, be a traitor, too, and sell thy country!
Can thy great heart descend so vilely low,
Mix with hir'd slaves, bravoes, and common stabbers,
Join with such a crew, and take a ruffian's wages,
To cut the throats of wretches as they sleep?"

We are not sure, but many would think the mingled expression of utter horror and desperation exhibited in the final scene of the last act, was equal to any of her previous efforts. In the lines commencing—

"Ha! look there!
My husband bloody, and his friend too! Murder!
Who has done this?" &c.

her look was most heart-rending and awful; we never before could conceive of the "Hereafter" of Mrs. Siddons, nor ever saw Miss K. surpass this instance of "transcending histrionic display."

We missed of course, Mr. Kemble's Pierre, which many are inclined to consider his masterpiece, but Barry deserved a "world of credit," for his able personation, at so short a notice. He certainly to our mind never *looked* a part more truly:—the bold, reckless, but generous conspirator was marked in every liniement of his face, and he trod the stage with a spirit of independence and defiance that realized to the utmost our conception of the poet. The critic of the "American" thinks Barry would play Jaffier better than Pierre, for the reason that—

He is too earnest for the "bold faced villain," and wants the gay, reckless, dare-devil air, under which the dark conspirator, even with his friends, habitually hides his feelings.

Now, we know Barry to be a "devilish good natured fellow," or we might hesitate to say that, in *all our travels*, we never met one who better looked the "bold faced villain;" in fact he is the very prince of "dare-devils," and looks as though, like Richard, he might smile, and *murder* as he smiled. His conception and personation of the aforesaid "villain," was highly applauded on this occasion; indeed we "could well have spared a better man."

Mr. Mason's Jaffier was a capital performance, though not equal to his Romeo; he amply sustained his friends in their high opinion of his talents and acquirements, and is altogether an actor of much promise. We hope frequently to see him in the new line of characters he has lately assumed, in which he has ever been cordially welcomed by the audience.

The Hunchback, in which Mr. Mason was cast for Thomas Clifford, *drew* a crowded and fashionable audience, on Tuesday, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and we do not recollect ever seeing this admired play of Knowles' nearly so well performed as a whole, as on this occasion.

We have before treated of Miss Kemble's Julia, and the character is so familiar to and well appreciated by our readers, that detailed remark would be deemed superfluous. The first three Acts, however, were not given with that effect usually apparent, owing perhaps to a change in the stage business, and the substitution of Mr. Mason for her father; but in the two last, we imagine she never appeared to more advantage.

Mason's Sir Thomas was more spirited, though it wanted the polish and refinement of Mr. Kemble; yet he looked the character better, and dressed, to our mind, with great good taste. Considered as a first attempt, we are constrained to say his personation was entirely successful, though a little attention to minor points would doubtless improve it.

The Modus of Mr. Simpson quite surprised us; great improvement was manifest, and in truth, the character is hardly susceptible of a better personation. Clarke, too, and Placide, with Mrs. Sharpe, rendered entire justice to their several parts and were warmly applauded throughout.

Cent Livre's Comedy of The Wonder, was brought out on Thursday evening, with a powerful cast, and afforded a great treat to the disciples of Momus. The Don Felix of Mr. Kemble we cannot consider equal to his Benedict or Petruchio, and is as unlike Mr. Wallack's as can well be imagined. He wants the gaiety, and the spirit, aside from the *person* of Wallack, though he undoubtedly lent the character a polish, and good-breeding, if we may so express ourselves, it has ever lacked in other hands; it would not please the many, we think, so well as W.'s, but the "judicious few," would rather prefer it. There is something so repugnant in the idea that he is making love to his own daughter, that the effect is frequently, in a great measure lost.

Miss Kemble's Donna Violante was the most singular compound of affectation and missapprehension of the character we ever saw. The first scenes of Act II. were given with all the "tragic fire" and voice of Bianca, while she frequently seemed totally at a loss in her conception as respects modulation, every line being given in a different tone, or if continued for a moment, running into the most sickening affectedness.

The last few scenes, however, redeemed the part; the reconciliation scene with Don Felix was exquisitely managed, and nothing could be finer than her look and voice when informing her father of her marriage:—that Don Felix took her "in an unguarded moment, when *her* thoughts wandered from a Nunnery, and that it was even so," as he had stated. We might note several other passages, but have not room; when informed by Donna Isabella of the assignation with Col Briton, in her own apartment, the distress and fear depicted in her look and attitude was perfectly beautiful, as was the scene which followed.

Mason made a gentleman of the "Scotch Colonel," which is all the character is susceptible of being rendered. But Placide,—what *shall* we say of him? we really think he afforded more gratification, and actually enacted Lissardo more perfectly had a better conception of the author, and did him more justice than any one on the boards this evening; 'twas a most capital performance. No one will hereafter be inclined to question the crookedness of the *legs* of Inis, as they were *exhibited to the entire satisfaction of the company at large, and the critics in the Pit, in particular.*

AMERICAN THEATRE—BOWERY.

A new nautical drama, entitled the Cannibals, or the Massacre Islands, is announced at this theatre for Monday evening. It has been dramatized from Capt. Morrell's Voyages, by a gentleman of this city. Those who have read this interesting volume, recently published by the Harpers', must be well aware that many of its scenes and incidents are highly dramatic. One of the Cannibals, which Capt. M. brought home with him, will appear on the stage in character. Among the scenes, which will be represented, are—the discovery of the Massacre Islands—the Landing of the Discoverers—the Battle and Massacre—the Eruption of a Volcanic Mountain—the Return of the Antartic—and the Rescue of Shaw, who had been taken captive by the Cannibals; besides several interesting scenes on the deck and in the cabin of the Antarctic; together with a view of the Antarctic in danger of running on the breakers, on the stage. The whole strength of the company is enlisted in the piece; and, we doubt not, under the judicious management of Mr. Farren, that the most flattering success will crown the efforts of the gifted and deserving author.

The New York Mirror of last week contained an article on the Boston Theatre, the Operas, Miss Hughes, Mrs. Austin, &c, which the Editor of the Boston Transcript took it in his head to think reflected on the taste, etc. of the Bostonians. He terms it "a second edition of the slander of the New York Evening Post—the wooden nutmeg insult," which that paper circulated a month or two since.—" If the New Yorkers want Mrs. Austin," says he, "let them have her—let the *bird go home*. We can do very well without her. Indeed we have done without her for some time past. It is true that she is regularly announced in the bills, but no one, any longer, expects to hear her, she is so constantly *indisposed*. Besides, she has lost favor here (Boston,) and the assertion that she is received with more enthusiasm than ever, is not within gun-shot of the truth. It is Miss Hughes who is rising in public estimation; it is Miss Hughes who attracts crowded houses; it is Miss Hughes, 'whose reception since *that* period has been more enthusiastic than ever."—The Editor thinks that the paragraph which appeared in the Mirror was written by B; and adds—" the Mirror knows, and the Standard knows, and we all know, how *closely B follows* A."

CONUNDRUM.

Why are the people of a Rhode Island city like good christians? Because they depend on *Providence* for a living. *Lowell Compend.*

TO LET,

The upper part of a genteel and very convenient house in Roosevelt street, between Chatham and Madison streets. The premises consist of 5 rooms and a kitchen, &c. Rent, to a good tenant with a smal family, $225. Apply to
T. BUSSING,
Feb 16 70 1-2 William street.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.

Fare $9 and found.
The splendid Steamboat PRESIDENT, Capt. Rob S. Bunker, will leave here This Afternoon, 16th February, at 4 o'clock.
Feb 16 It

CABOT, Looking Glass, Portrait and Picture Framer, No. 368 Pearl street, five doors from Broadway. Ladies and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine the patterns. Feb 16

CIRCULAR CIRCULARUM PROBONO PUBLICO, No. 208 Bowery.—E. S. SOMERS is located at No. 208 Bowery, and has for sale an unique infinatum ad valorum variety of Fancy Hardware and Haberdashery, consisting of all things useful, comical or ornamental, at wholesale or retail, and cheap for cash, credit or barter.

For useful things of any sort
That is useful to be bought,
All the world may there resort.

Feb 16

FISHING TACKLE.—A. OGSBURY & SON, No. 77 Wilham street, corner of Liberty, are selling off their stock of Fishing tackle at reduced prices. Feb 16 3t

FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AT BELLEVILLE, New Jersey.—The system of instruction pursued at this Seminary, embraces a thorough course of English and Classical reading, with the different branches of the sciences, requisite to the attainment of a liberal and finished education.

While the most rigid attention will be devoted to the inculcation of correct habits, both mental and personal, it will also be the earnest aim of the Principals, both by precept and example, to promote in their pupils the knowledge and practice of their duties, moral, social, and religious.

It is believed that few places are better adapted for a respectable boarding school, than the village of Belleville. Situated on the banks of the Passaic, about 2 miles from the city of New York, containing a number of families of the first respectability, and possessing three places of worship; of the Episcopal, Reformed Dutch, and Methodist denominations, it combines the several advantanges of public worship, social intercourse of a high character, and a situation uncommonly picturesque and salubrious.

JOHN P. LATHROP,
MARIA M. LATHROP, } Principals.

REFERENCES

In New York—Rt. Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk, D. D.; Rev. Jona. M. Wainwright, D. D.; Rev. Henry Anthon, D. D.; Nathaniel F. Moore, L. L. D. Professor of Languages in Columbia College; Phillip Hone, Esq.; Stephen Cambreling, Esq.

In Belleville—Rev. Gustavus Abeel; Anthony Rutgers, Esq.; James L. Morris, Esq.; S. L. Ward, M. D.; Lt. George C. Whistler, U. S. Engineers.

TERMS

Board and Tuition in the English branches, $15, per quarter; Latin and Greek Languages, each $5, do; Drawing, Painting, and the different kinds of fancy Needlework, each $5, do.; Use of Piano forte, $5, do; French Language, Music, and Dancing, at the prices charged by the teachers of those branches, respectively. Each scholar will provide her own bed and bedding.

Day Scholars.—English branches, full course, $10; Languages, and ornamental branches, same as above. For the season, $2. 12 weeks constitute a quarter, and no deduction will be made, except for protracted sickness.

There will be a vacation of 4 weeks in the month of August; and should any pupil remain at the Institute during that time, an additional charge of $2 50 per week, will be made.

No pupil will be permitted to leave, without at least 6 weeks notice. Payment, in all cases, must be made in advance. Feb 16

WORKS OF LORD BYRON, IN VERSE AND PROSE.—GEORGE DEARBORN, 71 John street, has this day published the Works of Lord Byron, in Verse and Prose, including his Letters, Journal, etc. with a sketch of his Life. The poetical works of Lord Byron have been published in a variety of forms, but at no time, or in any country, has a uniform edition of his Prose and Poetical Works been attempted before the present. The edition now publishing in London, by Murray, contains so much of Byron's Prose Writing as is included in the Life by Moore. In the American edition there is a great number of the Letters of Byron not in the English copy, including letters to his mother. There is also in this edition a large collection of Poems not in any previous American one; many blanks are filled up, and expunged parts added, which will be found of essential service to the reader. The present, therefore, is emphatically the *first* complete edition of the Poetical and Prose Works of Lord Byron. Feb 9

LITHOGRAPHY.

BISBEE, Artist in Lithography, has resumed the practice of his profession at No. 96 Canal street; having engaged the assistance of several of the first Artists in Europe in the different departments of the Lithographic Art, he is now prepared to execute every description of Lithographic Drawing, Writing and Printing, in a style of excellence equal to the best imported specimens of the art, or of the finest copperplate engravings, and on terms as favorable as any establishment in the U. States.

Publishers of Works on Medicine, Anatomy, Botany, Natural History, Chemistry, will be guaranteed an unlimited number of equal impressions, from each drawing, at less than half the expense of any other method of producing them.

Portraits drawn on stone from life, or copied from Paintings, Prints or Drawings, with any number of impressions—Plans, Historical and Fancy subjects, Landscapes, Views, Vignettes, Maps, Music, Titles, Address and Visiting Cards, Commercial and Miscellaneous Blanks, Fac Similes, &c. Feb 9

MATCH FIGURES.—Just received at the New York Pearl store, 167 Broadway, a splendid assortment of Match Figures, together with a quantity of Dressing Alphabets, a new article, for Children. Also, a lot of plain Pearl slides, wholesale and retail. Feb 9

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, and Printer in Gold, No 11 Madison street.

PRACTICAL HOUSE CARPENTER.

JUST published and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, *Benjamin's Practical House Carpenter* being a complete Treatise on the development of the Grecian Orders of Architecture, methodised and arranged in such a simple and comprehensive manner, as to be easily understood; each example being fashioned according to the style and practice of the present day, containing examples of the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite Orders, with all their details drawn to a large scale; to which are added, a series of Designs for Porticos, Frontispieces, Doors, Windows, Caps and Sills, Sash Frames, Sashes and Shutters, Base and Surbase Mouldings, Architraves, Chimney Pieces, Trusses for Roofs and Partitions, Stairs, &c. Engraved on sixty-four large quarto copper plates. By Asher Benjamin, Architect. Author of 'The American Builder's Companion,' and 'the Rudiments of Architecture.' Wholesale orders should be addressed to R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, No. 18 & 20 Cornhill, Boston.
Jan 19 tf

JUST Published, by WAITT & DOW, the GRAMMATICAL INSTRUCTER; containing an explanation of all the essential Rules of English Grammar, with their variations carefully arranged under their respective Parts of Speech—the whole interspersed with a variety of familiar and entertaining illustrations, well adapted to impart a thorough and critical knowledge of the science. By Samuel B. Emmons.

"A Knowledge of grammar is the foundation of all literature. Without this knowledge, opportunities for writing and speaking are only occasions for men to display their unfitness to write and to speak." For sale at the book stores in New York. dec. 15.

HISTORY OF THE U. STATES, IN FRENCH,

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.—with questions for the examination of Pupils on the sense of the text in the English language—by C. O. Barbaroux. The History of the United States is selected from a series of French publications of a similar character, and prepared for the use of Schools in this country. The editor has added a set of questions for reviewing the lessons after translating it to the class; as these refer to the sense and cannot be answered without a correct understanding of the French Text, it is believed that they will render the work a most desirable class book in all our Schools where the French language is studied. This day published by

CARTER, HENDEE & CO.
Boston, and for sale at the Bookstores in New York.

JUST published, by LINCOLN & EDMNADS Boston, Blake's First Book in Astronomy. The following is an extract of a letter from H. Burritt, Esq. the author of the Treatise on the Encke Comet, which excites so much interest the present year. Mr. Burritt may be considered one of the most scientific astronomers in this country. "I believe I am entitled to the praise of being first to introduce your "First Book in Astronomy" into the schools in this country. I have been anxiously watching the press for years, to find something on this subject adapted to primary instruction as a school book, that should combine enough of the attractions of the science to give it interest, and at the same time, so much of its exact and physical elements as to give it a suitable degree of scientific accuracy. I have a dozen different works purporting to bear something of this character, but am not entirely satisfied with any of them. About a month since, I found your "First Lessons" in Hartford, brought home a copy and examined it, and immediately sent back and purchased all that were at that place. To tell the truth, I had commenced and progressed some chapters in a similar work myself; for my own experience, as a humble teacher and admirer of the science, enables me to say, that something, other and better than that we had, was greatly wanted. I rejoice, therefore, in the appearance of your little book, and am of opinion, that with such trifling improvements as a revision may suggest, it will leave too little time unoccupied to tempt forward a competitor in the same field." For sale by D. Felt, Collins & Hannay, N. & J. White, and J. Lockwood, New York. 09.

LINE OF OMNIBUSES

From Twelfth street to Wall street.

ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful 11th carriage "Tom Thumb," has determined to suit, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Pizarro, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed in convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition for "the track." The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the civility of his Drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.

N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that when he purchased this line of coaches, he did not obligate himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, previous to his purchase, and further more, that he has received as such, Tickets unredeemed and of course a dead loss. He trusts therefore it will not be considered illiberal in him, that he declines redeeming Tickets for which he has not received one cent, and which he never obligated himself to redeem, and which if he should redeem, would involve him in an expensegreater than the undertaking under any circumstances would warrant.

New York, January 26, 1833. Jan 26

FISHING AND FOWLING TACKLE STORE. wholesale and retail by CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 1, Maiden lane, near Broadway, New York. Gut, grass, hair, silk and hemp lines; hickory, ash, hazel and Bamboo Rods, either salted or in the walking stick, for fly and other fishing; single and compound Reels, of superior quality; Hoops and Nets; Fishing Baskets; Artificial Baits, of all kinds; Fish Hooks of every description; Swivels, brass and steel; Swivel Leads; Bait Needles; Disgorgers; Bait Boxes, & Floats, of all sizes. Also, single and double barrelled Guns and Pistols, of various qualities; shot belts, single and double; Powder and Liquor Flasks; Game Nets; Cleaning Rods; Wad Cutters; Nipple-wrenchers and Turn-screws; Dog Whips and Calls; Dog Collars of all sizes; Drinking Cups; Pocket Lights. Sportsmen's Apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon and Cork Screw; Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot; Swords, Epaulets and Plumes. Also, a variety of articles in the Hardware & Cutlery line. dec15

DR. DE GOURGUE'S PATENT SPECIFIC.

This medicine has been used with great success in thousands can testify. In all rheumatic affections whether acute or chronic, its decided superiority by affording almost immediate relief has been successfully tested. For the following complaints it will be found very efficacious, viz. Quinced sore throat, Fives in children, Pain in the back and Sciatica, Bruises and Sprains, Chapped hands, violent contusions, Fresh wounds, Burns and Scalds, Head and Tooth ache, Debility of the system. Prevents the eye from turning black if immediately applied; is excellent for washing the teeth and gums, &c. &c. The specific has been administered with surprising success, in cases of flatulency, pain in the stomach, bowels, dysentery, &c.

The most inveterate Piles has been thoroughly cured by it. A fistula, which in most cases proved fatal, yielded to the specific. The above medicine is held in such high estimation by many families that they are unwilling to be without it a moment.

Prepared and sold until further notice, ONLY at the south east corner of the Bowery and 8th street, 2 corner above Vauxhall Garden.

The extensive demand manifested for the genuine De Gourgue's Specific, has induced several to endeavor to deceive the public by persuading them to purchase a counterfeit medicine. No person except the proprietor in the city of New York is authorised to vend De Gourgue's Specific, and it can be obtained at no other place than the above, where it is prepared, and which may be known by the sign over the door. Each bottle is accompanied with printed directions, sealed with the initials D. G. on the cork, NONE OTHER IS GENUINE. Retail price 50 cents per bottle; wholesale $4 50 per dozen.

Directions—Shake the bottle and apply the Specific with friction to the afflicted parts In fevers rub well the hands and feet of the back. For Fives in children apply it freely to the chest. For Convulsions by rubbing the back and stomach, its effects are almost instantaneous. For the Headache apply it to the back of the neck and soles of the feet. For chilblains or frosted feet, rub them twice a day, or oftener. From 20 drops to a tea-spoon full may be taken inwardly, mixed with water.

A selection of certificates from numerous respectable individuals is annexed, to give the public some idea of the value of this above medicine.

This is to certify that I have used "De Gourgue's Specific," and the most beneficial result has been the consequence. For the last twenty years I have been afflicted with the rheumatism, and suffered to that degree, that I never went without a cane or a strengthening plaster. By bathing with the Specific the pain is removed. I can walk without the cane or plaster—the great relief I have obtained, I attribute under providence to the Specific. It gives me great satisfaction, therefore, to recommend it to my fellow citizens.

[Signed] THOMAS CRUMWELL, 369 Bowery.
New York, 2d February, 1833.

This is to certify that I have used "De Gourgue's Specific," to my entire satisfaction, and I do not hesitate to give my unqualified approbation in favor of the same. By the use of less than one oz., in three weeks time, my hand, which was badly torn to pieces with the loss of one finger, by the accidental discharge of a gun, was completely healed. I have also known others to use it with like success.

[Signed] EDWARD CONLEY, Blackwell's Island.
New York, July 3, 1830.

I have been in the habit of using "De Gourgue's Specific" for several years, and do not hesitate to give it the highest recommendation, having used it most plentifully and always found the greatest benefit from it.

[Signed] JOSEPH GANOUNG, 59 Carmine street.
New York, 12th Dec. 1831.

I certify, that having made use of "De Gourgue's Patent Specific" for myself and family, occasionally for more than two years,—I do not hesitate to recommend it to my friends for the cure of every complaint, and more than are named in the directions accompanying each phial. WM. D. DISBROW,
New York, Aug. 2, 1830. Bowery, near Fifth st.

I have great satisfaction in recommending "De Gourgue's Patent Specific," considering it a very valuable medicine, having been in the habit of using it for the last three years in a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which deprived me of the use of my limbs, so much so that I could not put my foot to the floor or raise my arms,—I was induced to try the Specific, and was so much relieved that the next day I was enabled to walk freely, and speedily recovered, from the use of one bottle. I have also used it with the greatest efficacy for burns, bruises, wounds, &c in my family. ELIZA BROOKS,
Jan. 23, 1832. Corner 1st Avenue and 10th st.

I was badly afflicted with a violent and continual pain in my breast, for about nine years; the last two or three years it was extremely bad. I had consulted five or six different physicians, and tried various remedies. Every thing, however, failed to give me relief, until I fortunately used "De Gourgue's Specific," which, I am happy to state, perfectly cured me in a short time. I keep the medicine constantly in my family, and use it for various purposes, and recommend it highly to all families.

ABRAHAM PARCELLS,
Keeper on Blackwell's Island.
New York 11th August, 1832. dec 23 6m

PROSPECTUS OF PORTER'S FAMILY LIBRARY OF HEALTH.

POPULAR Medicine—Science of Human Life—Prevention and Cure of Disease: to be issued every two months, in volumes of about 150 pages, 12 mo—the first vol. to appear in March.

The first volume will be devoted to the interesting subject of eating and drinking—embracing a consideration of the qualities of the different articles subservient to the nourishment of man; and such rules and precepts relative to their use and abuse as shall enable the reader to guard against the pernicious effects of excess; without, however, inculcating the necessity, or even propriety of a painful and rigorous abstinence. This subject is confessedly of the last importance to every man, as there are none who may not, in fact none who do not suffer to a greater or less extent, from the infraction of the laws of the human economy in reference to diet; the regulation of which, founded upon sound and enlightened principles, will frequently restore to health, where the skill of the physician has been baffled; while neglect will render the highest medical talent inefficient in its manifestations. How many a fatal relapse is the physician destined every day to behold from a wilful and ignorant indulgence! How often is a malady, in its first stages, easily remediable by regimen alone, rendered incurable by neglect!

Each volume will be devoted to a single disease or subject, and complete in itself.

☞ All communications to be addressed (post paid) to the Editor, No. 20 Nassau street.—Price of each volume 50 cts. Feb2

TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.

BUCK'S CHEMISTRY, price $1 50; Emmons' Mineralogy, price $1 50; Buck's Medical Jurisprudence, price $5; Maygrier's Anatomy, price $2—just received and for sale by
SWORDS, STANFORD & CO.
Nov17 152 Broadway.

HENRY BAILEY, No. 15 Court Street, Boston, has constantly on hand a great variety of Hatters Furs, Trimmings, Buffalo Robes, &c.—also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gloves of all sizes and colors, at the lowest cash prices. mar 1 tf

EMPORIUM OF FASHION.

G. WADE, from London, successor to Joseph Calis, 4 1-2 Wall st, respectfully gives notice that he attends to SHAVING AND HAIR CUTTING, in the neatest tyle. Wigs, Curls, and Toupees made at the shortest notice and lowest price.

Razors Ground and Honed and put in complete order Ino

Miscellaneous.

REMOVAL.—HENRY MASON, Book and Job Printer, having removed from Hanover Square to 76 Maiden Lane, junction of Maiden lane and Liberty street, respectfully informs those who have hitherto entrusted to him their orders, that in his new location he will be happy to receive a continuance of their confidence; and informs the public generally that, having a full and beautiful assortment of the finest cut letters, he is prepared to execute every description of plain and ornamental Printing, with fine black and fancy colored ink. Terms moderate—punctuality may be relied on.

☞ Circulars, Bills of Lading, Blanks, Business, Address, and Visiting Cards, plain and enamelled, &c. &c. executed with great care and neatness, at short notice. Feb 9 3t

VARIETY BREAD STORE,
352 BROADWAY.

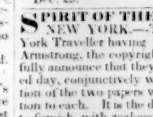
PIERCE & LUKE, successors to A. & D. Woodman, 352 Broadway, corner of Leonard streets, keep constantly for sale, a great variety of bread, consisting of about forty different kinds of Crackers, Cakes, Bread and Fancy Biscuits, among which are the following:—

Water Crackers,	Composition Cake,
Butter do	Plum do
Sugar do	Pound do
Boston do	Sponge do
do Wafers,	Honey do
Tremont Biscuit,	Sugar do
President do	Thin Sugar do
Milk do	Ginger do
Tea do	Ginger Nuts,
Pilot Bread,	Round Hearts
Wafer do	Seed Cakes,
Dried Rusk,	Fancy do
Tea Buns,	Lemon do

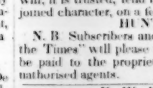
Graham bread of a superior quality baked every day. tf d29.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW LONDON.



The steamboat GENERAL JACKSON, Capt. D. Havens, will leave the East River steamboat place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.



Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers by the way of Norwich to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of leaving will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of
J. SANTON & CO. 114 South street.
JACOB CORLIES & SONS, 283 Pearl st.
Jan 19

NEW-HAVEN & HARTFORD
STEAMBOAT LINE.

Daily; Sundays excepted. Passage from New-York to Hartford, including stage fare, $3. To New-Haven, $2.

The steamboat SUPERIOR Capt. Sanford, and the new steamboat SPLENDID, Capt. Bucher, will on Tuesday the 28th inst. commence a daily line and run as follows:—From the steamboat place, foot of Beekman-street. The Superior will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and, Saturday morning at 7 o'clock. The Splendid, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at the same hour. Returning will leave New-Haven on the alternate day at 12 o'

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARDS.

JOHN DARLEY, Draper and Tailor, corner of Liberty and William streets.

J. BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

L. HALBERT, Chaser and Jeweller, No. 144 Fulton street.

MEEKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

ROBERT N. WHITE, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 15 Liberty street, corner of William

WILLIAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer, No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 14 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 207 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

GEORGE W. ROLLINS, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 71 Chambers street, corner of Broadway.

HOOD & KEEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 62 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN & DUBOIS, Merchant Tailors and Drapers, 102 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 9 John street.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists, 110 Broadway. Medicine delivered at any hour of the night.

CARDS of address, invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Teubner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

BOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

JOSEPH SMITH'S wholesale and retail Umbrella and Parasol Manufactory, No 302 Pearl street, a few doors above Franklin square, New York.

WILLIAM HUTCHINS'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No 326, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Frame and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

J. L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's

POCKET BOOK MANUFACTORY.—An extensive assortment of Pocket Books for sale wholesale and retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 50 Fulton street, New York GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway. Parsells would particularly recommend his bombazine article, the Cravat Stock.

BOARD.—One or two Gentlemen can be accommodated with good Board, at 229, Washington street. 12

BLACKMAN & CROSSINGHAM, successors to John Chapel, No. 70 Fulton street, N. Y. offer for sale Paste and Liquid Blacking in any quantity. Also, a handsome article of black and red Ink. Waterproof Black Ball that will preserve the leather and keep the feet dry. Also, Varnish, &c. All goods from their Factory warranted equal to any in the United States.

HEROY & JONES, Watch and Clock Makers, 187 Greenwich street. Clocks, watches, jewelry, gold, silver and plated ware; seals, keys and rings pins and other goods usually kept in their line, for sale and repair.

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

JOHN MAGUIN, No. 22 Wall street, Importer of [illegible] for watches, Mineral Waters, Materials and complete assortment of the above articles, which he offers at a assortment of the above articles, which he offers at a assortment of the above articles, which he offers at a wholesale or retail on the most accommodating terms. Watches, Clocks, and Musical Boxes carefully repaired.

MR. ARNOLD, Surgeon Dentist, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, respectfully informs his friends and the public that his office is at No. 24 Vesey street, near St. Paul's church, where he performs all operations connected with his profession according to the latest and most approved principles.

Deficiencies of the Teeth supplied either with natural or mineral substances as required. Feb 2 2m

CATSUP, a very superior article, manufactured and sold at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, where the best of OYSTERS and other Refreshments are served up to suit the palate of the most fastidious epicure.

Jan 19 JOHN A MERRELL

TO CHAIR MAKERS.—Gold leaf and bronzes, of suitable colors for chair makers, at the lowest prices, delivered free of charges from the manufactory, No. 459 Greenwich street, or No. 67 Watts st. New York, by GEORGE S. WAITE. j19

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York: also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.

N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price, free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE, 67 Watt st. New York. j19

JOHN B. PERO, Hair Cutting Rooms, No. 2 & 3 in rear Dock Square, near City Tavern, Boston. Perfumery and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

WANTED.—A Gardner who has been 20 years in the business, which he has a thorough knowledge of, in all its branches, wishes a situation in any part of the Union—he can give the most satisfactory references for good character and capability. Address C. B. (post paid) Museum House, corner Broadway and Anthony streets, next door to the Franklin Hotel F 12

WAVERLY NOVELS.—Bound Edition,—just published by L. H. PARKER, 267 Washington street, where subscribers will please call or send for their books. Price $1 30 to subscribers, for the series. St. Valentine's Day, or the Fair maid of Perth, is in press. Subscriptions received by CHARLES S. FRANCIS, Under Post's Museum, Broadway Feb2

GEORGE DEARBORN, 71 John street, corner of Gold, has this day published a *New Edition of Dr Johnson's Works*, with an Essay on his Life and Genius, by Arthur Murphy, Esq. in two or any volumes—being the first complete edition published in this country. It contains twenty-seven publications of Dr Johnson, not inclued in any previous American edition—is handsomely printed and bound, and sold at a low price, and may be had of the Booksellers generally. nov 1

JOSEPH C. HART, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery; Clinton Hall, No. 127 Nassau-st, New York. *Reference* to the editors of this paper is offered those who may favor him with their business from abroad. tf

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by JACOB SOUTHART.

BOOTS AND SHOES POLISHED AND REPAIRED in the best style at No. 88 Nassau st. in the basement, by GRIFFIN & THOMAS

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 16 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.

Richard Augustus, would be happy to explain more particularly to any gentleman who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery.

PEACE BOOK OF THE CONSTITUTION.—Just published by PETER HILL, 94 Broadway, "The Book of the Constitution."

CONTENTS.—Introduction, containing a brief sketch of the formation of the Confederacy, &c.; the Constitution of the United States, with the amendments; Address and Resolution of the Convention which framed the Constitution; a Synopsis of the several State Constitutions; the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798 and '99, with Mr Madison's Report, Mr Jefferson's Letter on State Rights, Mr. Madison's Letter on his Report of 1799, and Nullification; Address, &c. of the Hartford Convention; South Carolina Ordinance; President's Proclamation; Extracts from Webster's Speech—and other valuable matter. Compiled by Edwin Williams, author of the N. Y. Annual Register, and embellished with a portrait of Washington. Feb 2

GENERAL AGENCY BUSINESS FOR SALE, worthy the attention of any one commanding a capital of from three to four hundred dollars. Address M. H. at this Office. Jan 26

Popular Houses.

NIBLO'S HOTEL,

No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR *streets, New York.*

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall,) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages as to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central and healthy location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.

The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia, and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Hoskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH.

Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with the most thankful acknowledgments for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of commonplace puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months daily before the public, and that they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that the have, at a very considereble expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 8th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles, and that Coffee and Tea at on the most liberal principles, and that Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.

GOOLD & ATKINS.

REMOVAL.

L. CRUTTENDEN, of Albany,

HAS left his situation on the "Hill," and has taken the EAGLE TAVERN for a term of years, where he would be pleased to see his *old* acquaintances as well as his *new friends*.

N. B. The reasons for the above transaction, (and "they are as plenty as blackberries,") shall be the subject of a forthcoming communication; although many of them he shall reserve for the *private ear* of his friends. He intends, likewise, to give it weather, a very pompous and swelling account of all the excellent at my command, and the most delicate viands that he shall have in the house and on the table; the very superior treatment his guests shall receive at the bar; and his wishes generally, with all the other ridiculous things that cannot be mentioned at this time.

june 13 1y Eagle Tavern, Albany.

South Market-st., corner of Hamilton.

CONGRESS HALL.

PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON,

N. B. A Porter with a wagon, will be in regular attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.* june 1y

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS,

To intersect the New Haven Steam-boats.

STAGES will leave Wilder's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A.M. Lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steam-boats or stage at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning, stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M.; passing through Brighton, Newton, Natick, Sherburne, Thompson, Pomfret, Mendon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $5—from Hartford to New York, $4 50.

dec 22 J. BROOKS, Agent.

RAILWAY HOTEL,

CARBONDALE.—Penn.

THIS establishment, having been enlarged and fitted up in a superior manner, is now open for the accommodation of men of business, travellers, and parties of pleasure. The table is furnished with the best of provisions, the bar with the choicest wines, and the reading room with the principal New York, Philadelphia, and other newspapers. The situation of the village of Carbondale in the very heart of the mountains, renders it one of the healthiest resorts for invalids and families—the scenery in the vicinity, wild and picturesque, offers the greatest inducement to the admirers of nature, while the extensive coal works of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company (of which this is the seat) the Mines, the Railways, the inclined Plains, by which the coal is conveyed over the mountains, present attractions to every one, as well from the novelty as the magnitude of the undertakings. Every attention will be given to the comfort and accommodation of those who may favor the subscriber with their custom, and he pledges himself that travellers may depend upon the most prompt compliance with their wishes.

E. M. TOWNSEND.

TREMONT RESTAURATEUR,

Tudor's Building, Court Street, Boston.

JOHN E. HUNT, takes this opportunity of expressing his gratitude to his friends and the public for their liberal patronage during the past season. The experiment of a *genteel restaurant* for gentlemen on the plan of the South-street eating houses, is gratifying to state, has been most successfully tried. The rooms and private meals have been lately much enlarged, a New Room and Supper Room and several additional small rooms have been added, which will enable the proprietor to furnish Suppers, Game, and Wines, to parties, fire-companies and clubs, in first style, at short notice.

J. E. H. feels confident that this improvements will meet with the approbation of the public. His table will continue to be supplied with the best provisions in the market, and his wines have been procured from the best stock in the city. The decorum, quietness and style of his establishment in having excited a liberal patronage, the proprietor hopes that a well merited continuance and increase.

Regular boards to can be procured upon reasonable terms. mar 1 tf

EXCHANGE COFFEE HOUSE.

Corner of South Market and Hamilton Street, opposite the Eagle Tavern, Albany.

THE situation of this House is extremely eligible and convenient, as well for the business men of this city as for the travelling community, being located in the business part of the city, and in the vicinity of the principal landing place of the steamboats, &c. From the premises erected on top of the house, a view of the river for many miles, and the surrounding scenery, "with all its pageantry of hill and dale," may be contemplated as far as the eye can reach. The subscriber pledges himself to supply his table with the various delicacies and substantials of the season, and that his bar at all times shall be furnished with the choicest liquor of every description. He trusts that a disposition to please, and an attention to business, may merit and receive the encouragement of that patronage which has hitherto been liberally bestowed by a generous public. AMMON RANEY.

N. B. Since the above notice was written, a handsome addition of Parlors have been erected with the establishment, and the personal superintendence of the chief cook is invariably confined to the News Room.

Albany, june 26 6m

CARD.

A. P. FONDA, having disposed of his interest in the Merchant's Hotel to Mr. Isaac Hill, late of the Franklin House, New Haven, Conn. respectfully begs leave to tender his grateful acknowledgements to the guests of the establishment, for their liberal patronage while connected by Mr Thurston and himself.

Mr. Fonda solicits, his personal friends to continue their patronage to the retail business, as their ex present arrangement he is confident a more efficient Host will be here after.

N.B. All demands due to or from the firm of Thurston & Fonda, will be settled by Henry Thurston.

A. P. FONDA,

nov1 1m HENRY THURSTON.

A. H. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broadway. dec5

Stages and Steamboats.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

NEW LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA.

MORNING PILOT LINE,

Of U. S. Mail, Troy built safety Coaches.—Through in one day.

The Pilot Line leaves New York every morning at 10 o'clock, and arrives in Philadelphia the same evening, passing through all the principal towns, via Jersey City, Newark, Elizabethtown, Bonaventown, New Brunswick, Kingston, Princeton, Trenton, Bristol, Robinsville, and Frankford.

The Pilot Line arrives in time to take the Baltimore and Pittsburg Coaches, which leave Philadelphia every morning.

From the care taken in establishing the "PILOT LINE," and the determination on the part of the proprietors that nothing shall be wanting to render the accommodations of the best order, it is would respectfully solicit the patronage of a liberal public.

Persons ready to THOMAS WHITFIELD, at the U. S. Mail Coach Office and No 1 Cortlandt street, New York, and at the U. S. Mail Coach Office No 248 South Third street, Philadelphia.

JAS. RELSHAW & CO. Proprietors.

☞ All goods, specie and baggage at the risk of the owners. Jan 12

CITIZEN'S LINE.

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.

STAGES leave Factory for Providence, to intersect with the Steam Boats for New York, every morning, at 5 o'clock. Stages also leave Boston for Providence at 11 1-2 o'clock, A. M. every day, Sundays excepted, and on that day at 8 o'clock, A. M. The above line of Stages carry all passengers that enter their names to go at either of the above named hours. Extra Stages can always be had at the shortest notice.

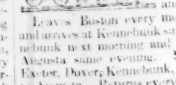
For seats, apply in Providence, at the Franklin House, Rose & Adams's Hotel, and the Manufacturer's Hotel. In Boston, at the Tremont House, Marlboro' Hotel, Mansion House, Exchange Coffee House, Commercial Coffee House, Franklin Hotel, and Howard Street House.

T. P. BROWN, Boston,
JOEL BLAISDELL, Providence,
eply *Agents.*

BOSTON AND PORTLAND.

Stage Company, Office No. 11 Elm Street, Boston

THE Line of Stages from Boston to Augusta, Me. through in two days, and fare reduced to $6.



Leaves Boston every morning at 7 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Kennebunk same evening. Leaves Kennebunk next morning and arrives at Hallowell and Augusta same evening. Passes through Haverhill, Exeter, Dover, Kennebunk, Portland, Brunswick, &c. to Augusta. Returns every day in the same order.

ALSO, Stages leave every morning, at half past 7 o'clock, for Haverhill, Exeter, Portsmouth, Newburyport, Durham, and Dover. *Returning*—Leaves Dover every Morning, at 7 o'clock, on the same route to Boston. They meet every day at Dover, the Great Falls, Berwick, Kennebunk, Saco, and Portland; on Monday, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Sanford, Alfred, Gorham, Gorham, and Portland; also, the Rochester, Barton, Gorham, and Portland; also, the Rochester, Wakefield, Fryeburg, and White Mountain; also, the Wolf borough, and Moultonborough Sandwich Stages.

Northern Stages—Leave every morning at 7 o'clock, for Concord, Hanover, Haverhill, Bethlehem, Montreal, and Quebec,—and return every afternoon.

Accommodation Stages—Leave every morning, at half past 7 o'clock, for Andover, Haverhill, Amesbury, and Newburyport; and returns every afternoon.—Also, leave, Dresden's, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at half past 2 o'clock, P. M. for Reading, Andover, Bradford, and Haverhill,—and return by the same route, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Lowell, Dover, Portsmouth, and Newburyport Stages, Leave each place every morning—meet at Haverhill, and return every afternoon.

☞ *Extra Carriages* always in readiness. The Company not accountable for Money or Baggage, unless delivered to an authorized agent. *Sundays* always excepted in our Advertisements.

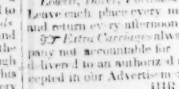
HIRAM PLUMMER, *Agent.*

mar 1 tf

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.

WILDER'S, No. 11 ELM STREET,

BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.



THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stage on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wilder's, No. 11 Elm street, Boston, every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the western, southern and northern stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Monday, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.

CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES

From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.

Leaves the General Stage Office, Wilder's, No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Fitchburg, N. H. at 6 P. M., where it connects with all the north-in Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, at 5 o'clock, A. M. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street,—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

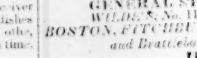
BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage.

Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 10 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Bos on at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wilder's, No. 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the southern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
eply

mar 1

BLOOMFIELD.—BELLEVILLE.—HOBOKEN & NEW YORK DAILY STAGE.



THE *Belleville Stage Company* having established a line of Stages to run between the above villages and the city of New York, to inform the public, that a Stage will leave Bailey's Hotel, Bloomfield, every morning at half past 7 o'clock,—Sundays excepted—leave Belleville at 8 o'clock, and New York every afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Passengers can take Boats here provided the Stages are not ready. Every exertion and care, and a careful driver, will enable them to perform their trips in the shortest time. Stages can be taken at the old stand on the public landing, in New York, corner of Warren and West Streets, First Williams, Co. Morris Williams, Charles, & Co. Rockaway, Bailey & Hall, Brigade P. S. V. Hamed, Esq. Pay W. Whitmore & Co. Asahel Clark, Esq. Belleville & Walmsley, Chatham & Co. Bloomfield, Col. Sanford, Cary Co. Caverno & Fuller, of Completion, Co. C. W. Greaves & Co. Greenwich, O. Newberry, Belmont, M. F. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.

Albany, june 20. 1y *Proprietors*

Stages and Steamboats.

FOR NORWICH AND NEW LONDON.

STAGES will leave Wilder's Stage office, No. 11 Elm st. on Sundays at 12 o'clock M and Wednesdays at 7 o'clock A. M. through Newton, Hollistan, Uxbridge, Thompson, Brooklyn, and arrive in Norwich at 1 o'clock P. M. Returning leaves Norwich at 2 o'clock P. M. Mullowing day, and N. York London same afternoon. Extra Coaches at short notice and reasonable terms. dec 23

STAGE OFFICE,

Earle's, No. 26, Hanover Street, Boston.

NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester, Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day at 10 P. M.

Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M. lodge at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.

Albany Mail Stage via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 5 P. M.

Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.

Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Woodstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Norwich, Woodstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Norwich, Providence, and Friday, at 9 A. M. Arrives in Hartford same day, and Friday, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New York.

Worcester Accommodation, Old Road through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.

Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', and Northboro' to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 2 o'clock, A. M.

Dudley Mail Stage, via Dedham, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro, Grafton, Millbury, Sutton and Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extra Coaches furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

LOWELL AND BOSTON

Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.

COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.

apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*

TREMONT LINE.

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.

FARE TWO DOLLARS.

A NEW and elegant Line of Post Coaches, has commenced running between the two cities as follows—Leaves Boston every morning except Sundays, at 8 o'clock A. M., and arrives in Providence in time for 5 o'clock A. M., and arrives in Providence in time for the boats to leave for New-York. Returning leaves Providence on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston, in less than six hours, from one to two hours before the remainder of the stages of the old line.

The proprietors of this line, respectfully inform their friends, and all those who may be pleased to favor them with the patronage, that notwithstanding the many opposition of the boats have made, and still are making exertions of the boats have made, and still are making exertions of the boats have made, and still are making exertions